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(*Hammet files William S. Baffere*)

CORIOLANUS stands highest of all Shakspere's Plays as regards the number of its Emphasis-Capitals. For some reason unknown to us, the Editors of the First Folio placed in their Index this Tragedy at the head of the others, but we agree with those who believe that it was one of the Poet's latest Works, and written in his well-earned retirement. Our concurrence in this view, however, is mainly based on its wealth of these Guiding Letters, for where any of the Plays is unusually rich in such, there we seem to see the reflection of a fresh Manuscript, or at least one, undefaced and unmeddled with.

Extending to about 3,783 lines,—it is Shakspere's second longest work, Hamlet alone exceeding it in this respect, and by a trifling difference,—Coriolanus exhibits in the Original Folio about 2,142 Emphasis-Capitals, of which number the After Folios, during their course of 62 years, dropped only 225, a fact which manifests a strong conservative spirit on the part of their Editors, whoever they were. On the other hand, of New Emphasis-Capitals, the Folios of 1632, 1664, and 1685 contributed among them 701, the Second and Third Folios supplying between them 24 only of this large number, which to us is satisfactory evidence that their Printers took the First Folio to be perfect, with the exception of a few typographical errors, the most of which they corrected (committing many more of their own), and that, otherwise, they adhered to it unquestioningly, their trifling additions in the way of New Emphasis-Capitals being either the result of accident, or the mechanical effect of a prevailing rule. Of the additions of this nature, made by the Third Folio for instance, 8 were to the same word, "People," and this they could hardly avoid, as it is one of the key-notes of the Tragedy, and so printed in scores of places. Differing far from this, the Fourth Folio,—hitherto much decried, but possessors of which we think are to be envied,—contributed not fewer than 677, and not one without value, so far as we are able to judge.

Altogether, of Original and Supplemented Emphasis - Capitals, Coriolanus possesses 2,843.

The following instances, belonging to this Tragedy, we included in the List which appeared with the First Part of this Edition :—

For look you I may make the belly Smile.

Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were Flayed ?

On's Browns : *Menenius*, he comes the third time home with the Oaken Garland.

His peremptory Shall.

They choose their Magistrate,
And such a one as he, who puts his Shall,
His popular Shall, against a graver Bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece.

Thou hast a Grim appearance, and thy Face
Bears a Command in't : Though thy Tackles torn,
Thou shew'st a Noble Vessel.

my Mother bows,
As if Olympus to a Mole-hill should
In supplication Nod.

that kiss
. I carried from thee dear ; and my true Lip
Hath Virgin'd it e'er since.

(The Fourth Folio puts the Capital to "dear," throwing a world of love into the passage.)

Go get you home, you Fragments.

This last suggests the remark, that it helps to shew what reliance we may put on these Meaning-Capitals, and to save us from regarding them as merely the children of hap-hazard, when we find the same Word occurring elsewhere, treated in the same way. In Troilus and Cressida we have Achilles' question printed, "From whence, Fragment ?" and in Anthony and Cleopatra we find, "Nay, you were a Fragment of Gneius Pompeys."

To the above we may add a few additional examples, which our readers will meet with in their perusal of the Play, illustrating how these Letters were bestowed in the Author's Manuscript upon all the Parts of Speech, and indeed anywhere and everywhere, if only they

could interpret or intensify the meaning of the Text, and assist toward the proper delivery of it.

Now the Gods Crown thee—We'll Surety him—I will not Seal your Knowledge—these Measles which we disdain should Tetter us—to Voice him Consul—please you to March—or Jove, for's power to Thunder—I'll Mountebank their Loves—wondrous Malicious—passing Cowardly—people Mutinous—as if the World were Feverous—Nor Cowardly in retire—so diversly Color'd—I am Content—Coriolanus Banisht?—A Noble life, before a Long—You do the Nobler—The word is Mildly—well mildly be it then, Mildly—What he hath done Famously—I speak from Certainties—with every Minute you do change a Mind—I sin in envying his Nobility—They do disdain us much beyond our Thoughts—Thy News?—Martius, his Name?—Especially in Pride—Before him he carries Noise, and behind him he leaves Tears—This deserves Death—Would you have me false to my Nature?—May enter twixt the gap of Both—Be free as is the Wind—Let's make the Best of it—That shapes man Better—You have brought a Trembling upon Rome.

We have spoken above, and in previous Introductions, of the Emphasis-Capitals contributed by the Fourth Folio to the various Plays, as being, to the best of our judgment, in perfect harmony with the spirit and practice of the First Folio, and worthy of frank adoption by Students of Shakspere; and we become more and more confident, that any one who gives them earnest and repeated examination, will be ready to think with us, that the Editor or Editors of the 1685 Edition must have entered on the task with a feeling of loving responsibility in the matter of these Capitals, and must have had access to the Autograph Manuscript for continual reference.

Of this Fourth Folio's contributions to the present Play we shall now proceed to lay before our readers a few examples, from each of the Three Classes to which we think they may be reduced, and as to which we have referred in former Introductions.

The First of these kinds of New Emphasis-Capitals, are what we may call Complemental. They are given to passages where they have evidently been omitted; as similar Words, set against them in the Text, are so distinguished, and their appearance puts meaning against meaning, and, as it were, adjusts the balance of the sentence. For instance, Aufidius' Words, after the murder of Coriolanus, are thus printed in the First Folio:—

My Rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow.

But the rage and sorrow are opposed, and require equal emphasis, so in the Fourth Folio we have :—

My Rage is gone,
And I am struck with Sorrow.

Again we find the Original Edition printing :—

You souls of Geese,
That bear the shapes of men,

but the emphasis being only given to the Word “ Geese ” seems senselessly partial, and would be no guide whatever to proper delivery, and, therefore in the Fourth Folio we have :—

You Souls of Geese,
That bear the shapes of Men,

Another example we find in Coriolanus’ words to his wife, on his return from the war covered with glory :—

Would’st thou have laugh’d, had I come Coffin’d home,
That weep’st to see me triumph?

Here we have a feeling that something is wanting, and the New Emphasis-Capital at once satisfies us :—

Would’st thou have laugh’d, had I come Coffin’d home,
That weep’st to see me Triumph?

The Second class of New Emphasis-Capitals, for which we are indebted to the same source, are what may be called Restored ones. These, existing in the First Folio, had been deposed, either by the Second or Third, or both, and have been brought back by the Fourth Folio, and set again upon their thrones. Of such are the following :—

Since the wisdom of their choice, is rather to have my Hat, than my Heart, I will practice the insinuating nod,

The Capitals to “ Hat ” and “ Heart ” were dropt by the Second, and the Fourth re-instates them.

You speak a’t’people, as if you were a God,
To punish; Not a man, of their Infirmity.

The Capital Letters to "God" and "Infirmity," also abandoned by the Second, are rescued by the Fourth.

The Third class of Emphasis-Capitals, so preserved for us, are those found in passages, where nothing of the kind had been before, and where there is no Crowned-Word in *juxta* position, to suggest their introduction. Of these the following are examples:—

Lartius. Martius, his Name.

Martius. By Jupiter forgot:

I am weary, yea, my memory is tired:

The Fourth prints:—

I am weary, yea, my Memory is tired:

which fixes on us the thought that the faculty of memory becomes fatigued.

Therefore lay hold of him:

Bear him to th' Rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

The Fourth prints "into Destruction cast him," and it must be admitted that the emphasis suggested is a grand one. Similarly, it prints:—

banish him our City
In peril of Precipitation
From off the Rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome Gates.

Opinions as to the manner in which this Tragedy is printed in the First Folio are various, and some of them "wide as the poles asunder." Charles Knight says: "The Text is divided into acts and scenes, according to the modern editions"—merely into Acts, only *Scena Prima* being stated—"and the stage directions are very full and precise. With the exception of a few obvious typographical errors such as invariably occur even under the eye of an author when a book is printed from manuscript, the text is wonderfully accurate." On the contrary, Mr Payne Collier has said "There is certainly no play in the whole volume so badly printed." But the result of our examination of it, is the same as that arrived at by Mr Knight. To our eyes, it is, on the whole, printed and pointed with rare correctness. The Modern Editors have no doubt encountered a host of what they thought mistakes of the press,

and Mr Payne Collier's famous MS. Emendator discovered and put right more than fifty. But not one of this latter multitude do we find ourselves able to recognise, and of the corrections made by other parties, only a very small number can hold ground after earnest investigation. Some changes too which are universally made, as if there could be no difference on the matter, are, we think, to say the least of it, rather doubtful, and the Original Text might as well have been left alone. It would seem often as if it were considered a glorious chance, to have even the appearance of a reason for putting a patch on the original Text, rather than that it was painful to touch what was so sacred, even when the necessity for doing so was obvious. An instance of this dubious kind of interference is where Coriolanus—in his heart a “thing of blood” towards the Rabble, and who, if he had his way, would make a slaughtered quarry of them—appears in their midst, a wolf in sheep’s clothing, to beg their sweet Voices. In the First Folio we have:

Corio. You know the cause (Sir) of my standing here.

3 Cit. We do Sir, tell us what hath brought you to’t.

Corio. Mine own desert.

2 Cit. Your own desert.

Corio. Ay, but mine own desire.

3 Cit. How not your own desire?

In all the Modern Editions, from Rowe downwards, the line is printed :—

Corio. Ay, not mine own desire.

But even here “hands off” might have been better. In the Introduction to his English Analytical Dictionary, Booth says, “*Bote*, in the sense of *without*, is pretty frequent in Robert of Gloucester; but we believe it occurs only three times in Chaucer, and those all in the Testament of Creside. The following is one of these passages :—

“ Seing that uncouth fare and herborie
But meate or drinke she dressed her to lie,
 In a darke corner of the hous alone!”

“Shakspere’s First Folio has *but* as a preposition, in Coriolanus.” (Here the above extract is given.) “Several of his editors, ignorant of this meaning of *but*, have unwarrantably, changed it to *not*.”

Many other Words have been similarly altered under the belief that they were misprints, while they were only Old Words, such are “*disgest*”

changed to “digest,” “cubbording” to “cupboarding,” and “mutiners” to “mutineers,” the last alteration injuring, to our ear at least, the sound of the line where it occurs :—

The Volces have much Corn : take these Rats thither,
To gnaw their Garners. Worshipful Mutiners,
Your valour puts well forth.

Lovers of Old Books must have often met with the last of these Words in its discarded form. It is, for example, constantly so printed in “A True Historie of the Memorable Siege of Ostend, and what passed on either side, from the beginning of the Siege unto the yielding up of the Towne. Containing the Assaults, Alarums, Defences, Inventions of Warre, Mines, Counter-Mines, and Retrenchments, Combats of Galleys, and Sea-Fights, with the portrait of the Towne. Translated out of French into English, by Edward Grimeston, at London. Printed for Edward Blount, 1604.” (Edward Blount was, as our readers may remember, one of the Printers of the First Folio.) We have here, for instance, “and this caused the Arch-Duke to make a proclamation against them ; whereof you shall have here a copie with the answer of the said mutiners, to serve for the history as followeth,”—“whereunto we doe presently condemne them, commanding all persons, that have money or any other thing of the said mutiners in their hands,”—“and we doe expressly forbid the wives and children of the sayd mutiners, to goe unto any place where they may be, or shall be, nor to treate, nor to conferre with them eyther by worde or writing, during the said mutinie upon paine of death,” and so on.

What we have been here speaking of are Words of which the Modern Editors have changed the spelling, believing that they were dealing with misprints, but the truth is that the “Faults Escaped” (a fine old phrase for our “Errata”) of the First Folio are few and far between, and so glaring when they are met, that they form but a momentary check.

It is even worse than this, however, when *different* Words are substituted for those in the Original Folio, solely because some people have found them to be stumbling-blocks. In our Introduction to The Winters Tale (p. 33), we brought before our readers the unwarrantable interference which had taken place with the phrase in Hamlet, referring

(x)

to the Proverb about knowing a Hawk from a Handsaw, and the ousting of the old Word for Hernshaw; and several changes of a similar character seem to us to have been made in Coriolanus, but our space will only admit of our noticing one or two of these, and we shall content ourselves with what we find in one page (27).

Sicin. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humourous *Patrician*, and one that loves a cup of hot Wine, with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't: Said, to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint, hasty and Tinder-like upon, too trivial motion: One, that converses more with the Buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. &c. What harm can your beesome *Conspicuities* glean out of this Character, if I be known well enough too.

With this word “beosome” is connected a long-lasting and far-branching mistake and innovation, whose root is to be found in the following Note to Theobald's Edition of 1733:—

“ *What harm can your besom Conspicuities glean out of this Character, &c.* If the Editors have form'd any Construction to themselves of this Epithet *besom*, than can be *& propos* to the Sense of the Context;— *Davus sum, non Oedipus*: it is too hard a Riddle for me to expound. *Menenius*, 'tis plain, is abusing the Tribunes, and bantering them Ironically. By *Conspicuities* he must mean, their *Sagacity, Clearsightedness*; and that they may not think he's Complimenting them, he tacks an Epithet to it which quite undoes that Character; i.e. *bisson*, blind, bleer ey'd. Skinner in his *Etymologicon*, explains this Word, *Cæcus*; *vox agro Lincoln*, usitatissima. Ray concurs, in his North and South Country Words. And our Author gives us this Term again in his *Hamlet*, where the Sense exactly corresponds with this Interpretation.

*Run barefoot up and down, threatening the Flames,
With bisson Rheum.*

i.e. blinding. It is spoken of Hecuba, whose Eyes o'erflow and are blinded, both with Tears, and the Rheums of Age.” (And Blindness of this kind is natural, but what of “blind” or “bleer ey'd” “Clear-sightedness”?)

The suggestion here made has been universally accepted, and is to be

found, we believe, in all the Modern Editions for nearly a hundred and fifty years. We find "bisson conspectuities" also in Johnson's Dictionary and Mrs Cowden Clarke's Concordance, where (and it is painful to say it, so much do we owe to these laborious Books,) we think the words, in association, have no right to be.

"BISSON," the substituted Word, is only found ONCE in Shakspere,—in the Hamlet passage just quoted,—and there in the First Folio we have distinctly "BISSON Rheume," and so it remains untouched through the Three After-Folios. "BEESOME" is the Word in the First Edition of Coriolanus (which we have in several Old Dictionaries, and in Huloet, 1572, there is "Beasome, Looke browme," and "Broome or besome"), and so it continues, till 1685, when the Fourth changes it to "Besom Conspectuities." Now the Word "Besom" occurs again, and only once again, in Shakspere; in King Henry the Sixth: Part 2, where Jack Cade says, and there is no doubt here of its meaning: "Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art." Thus it is printed by Charles Knight and others, but in the First Folio it stands thus: "I am the Beesome that must sweep the Court clean," and here we have the Word exactly as it is in Coriolanus, and so it remained, in the History referred to, through all the Folios. We believe this to be the right phrase: "Besom Conspectuities"; and that Menenius means, "Well, I acknowledge my faults. I know I have failings. I like this, and I do that. Here I myself tell you of them. Now, what harm can your sweeping observation, that gathers, besom-like, all the worst things about one, all the detractive rubbish, glean out of this Character, if I be known well enough too?"

In Menenius' diatribe against Brutus and Sicinius (p. 27,) he continues: "you wear out a good wholesome Forenoon, in hearing a cause between an Orange wife and a Forset-seller, and then rejourn the Controversy of three-pence to a second day of Audience." This "Forset-seller" remained untouched till the Fourth Folio changed it to "Fauiset-seller," which Rowe adopted. Theobald has "fosset-seller," and, "Forset" being sent to the right about, fosset or faucet has been since universally prevalent, and we are told in Notes that it means "a seller of wine-taps." But a Forset (Cistella, Arcella,) is, as we find in Gouldman's Dictionary, &c., a little Chest, Casket, or Coffer; Cistellula

is a little Casket or Forset, and Cistellatrix is a woman-servant that carrieth her mistress's Casket or Forset. Is there any good reason why the Orange-woman's adversary should not be the Seller of these little feminine caskets ? We, somehow, think this personage more likely to engage in a street quarrel, than a dealer in wine taps.*

There are also a good many passages in Coriolanus where there is no Verbal difficulty, but as to which there have been given, in Editorial Notes, explanations which, we think, are open to question. One of these will be found in Menenius' confession just quoted: " Said, to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint." Mr Payne Collier's Annotator converted this into "the thirst complaint," Mr Collier remarking that "the first complaint was merely an error from mishearing on the part of the copyist" (who was Shakspere, we presume); and one of the best and latest Editions says "*imperfect* (as a Magistrate), *in favouring the first complaint*, that is, in hastily judging a case without waiting to hear the other side ; not wasting time upon trifles like the tribunes," an interpretation which we cannot endorse. We think he means that he has the reputation (as a Magistrate or Master) of not being hard on the first offence, of "dismissing with an admonition, it being the first charge against him," (as we often read in our Police Reports), of leaning towards giving one, who is a new delinquent, another chance.

We find ourselves also forced to part company with the most of Modern Editors as to their comment upon a phrase used by Virgilia in that beautiful Scene, where she and Volumnia, her cold, severe, statuesque Mother-in-law, are embroidering, and when the chattering lady-friend Valeria "calls," and tries to tempt the great Soldier's gentle Wife to break her vow of seclusion during his separation from her, and to accompany them into the City (p. 12).

Val. My Ladies both good day to you.

Vol. Sweet Madam.

Vir. I am glad to see your Ladyship.

Val. How do you both ? You are manifest house-keepers. What are you sewing here ? A fine spot in good faith. How does your little Son ?

* The only error in our Reprint of Coriolanus which we have as yet discovered, is in this passage, "*a* Orange-wife" being printed for "*an* Orange-wife."

Vir. I thank your Lady-ship: Well good Madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a Drum, than look upon his Schoolmaster.

Val. A my word the Father's Son : I'll swear 'tis a very pretty boy. A my troth, I look'd upon him a Wensday half an hour together : ha's such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded Butterfly, and when he caught it, he let it go again, and after it again, and over and over he comes, and up again : catcht it again : or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it. Oh, I warrant how he mammockt it.

Vol. One on's Fathers moods.

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a Noble child.

Virg. A Crack Madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery, &c.

It is the usually accepted meaning of the Words "A Crack" which we differ from. "Crack, A Boaster. This is only in low phrase," is Dr Johnson's definition. In Elisha Cole's Dictionary, we have "Crack (boaster), *Gloriosus*," and the Note of one of the Editors of the present day runs: "*A Crack*, a slightly contemptuous phrase applied to a child, and used by Valeria to qualify the compliments of her visitor." But they were no compliments to Valeria, and we can see her shrinking at the narrative of the child's mad cruelty; and he was no braggart, but a very violent actor. The Word is only used in one other place in Shakspere, namely, in the Second Part of Henry the Fourth, where Shallow is boasting of his wild days, and, speaking of Jack Falstaff, says, "The same Sir John, the very same: I saw him break Scoggan's Head at the Court-Gate, when he was a Crack, not thus high," and it might well be used by the Justice in such a mood, and talking of such an one, for Falstaff was a "Crack" to the end. But "a low word" like this, in the mouth of the dove-eyed, "gracious silence," Virgilia, would be the single discordant note in the sweet music of her character, and, for ourselves, we cannot believe anything else but that the words "A Crack Madam" refers to the breaking of her frame, needle, or thread, probably caused by her agitation on listening to the account of her child's fierceness, and that Valeria's, "Come, lay aside your stitchery," is an attempt to take advantage of the accident.

What we, in studying Coriolanus as it appears in the Original Edition, have found to give real trouble occasionally, are passages nebulous

through confused or omitted punctuation ; although the Old Pointing, as a whole, is wonderfully minute and intelligent. It is our purpose to take up, in a future Introduction, the subject of the Punctuation of the First Folio, and we have no doubt whatever, that, on giving, side by side, passages as pointed in the First Folio and in the Modern Editions, we shall succeed in dispelling the notion apt to be created through the exceptional misty sentences, and get our readers to acknowledge the immense superiority of what we believe to be Shakspere's own well-weighed Pointing, as fastidiously set down in the Manuscripts used by Heminge and Condell. It is also our intention to give Remarks on the Regulation of Lines in the Original Folio; through departure from which much injury has been sustained by many of the Plays. There are not a few passages in the present Tragedy, which have been seriously damaged by lengthening or shortening the original lines. One of these is where Volumnia and Menenius meet Coriolanus on his victorious return from Battle. The Twenty-nine short lines beginning with "I know not where to turn" (p. 31) and ending with "Will cast upon thee," and which are so expressive of gasping and excited delight and love, are, in one of the best editions of our day, compressed into eleven commonplace, phlegmatic lines : a kind of transformation which we cannot comprehend, except by believing that it has been attained more through regard to the Shape of the printed matter, than its Meaning. When we see such squaring and smoothing, and sacrificing to outline, we think on George Puttenham, where, in his "Arte of English Poesie (1589)," he treats of "Proportion in figure," and says: "The Piller is a figure among all the rest of the Geometricall most beawtifull, in respect that he is tall and upright and of one bigness from the bottom to the top. Your dittie then being reduced into the forme of the Piller," &c.

Similar to those which we included in our Introduction to Hamlet, there is in the Coriolanus of the First Folio a goodly number of passages, rendered meaningless through the Emphasis-Capital having misled the Printers. Such are not the nebulous passages we have just referred to as occasionally "giving us pause," for the sense in their case is generally so obvious and irresistible that it overrides the obstacle, and in Modern Editions these are, almost without exception, set down in their right mind. But the portions mispointed or misprinted are reduced to quite a few, when we set apart, and regard by themselves, those into

which there has been “Ruins wasteful entrance,” through the unlooked for and arbitrary manner in which Shakspere employed his Emphasis-Capital. The large number of these in the present Tragedy, so far from being regretted by us, is rather welcome, as it goes to build up still higher the proof, that these Letters were so unregulated by trades rules, that they must have been the very “Black Dog” of the Original Compositors. In the most of cases their being encountered led to the passages being mispointed, and divided into contradictory fragments, and now and then it resulted in the insertion of a wrong word. The following are a few examples of the former class :—

We'll break our Walls (Page 14.)

Rather than they shall pound us up our Gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with Rushes,
They'll open of themselves.

The Capital Letter to “Gates” was the *ignis fatuus* here.

See here these movers that do prize their hours (Page 16.)
At a crack'd Drachme : Cushions, Leaden Spoons,
Irons of a Doit, Doublets that Hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them. These base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up,

Here the Capital to “These” misled. It should be :—

Bury with those that wore them, These base slaves, &c.

The fires i' th' lowest hell. Fold in the people : (Page 65.)

The Capital here given to the verb caused the mischief. It ought, of course, to be :—

The fires i' th' lowest hell Fold in the people.

deliver you (Page 67.)

As most abated Captives, to some Nation
That won you without blows, despising
For you the City. Thus I turn my back ;
There is a world elsewhere.

This should be :—

That won you without blows ; despising
For you the City Thus I turn my back.

The Thus being most suggestive of contemptuous action.

You were us'd (Page 68.)

To say Extremities was the trier of spirits,
That common chances. Common men could bear,
That when the Sea was calm, all Boats alike
Shew'd Mastership in floating.

Here the Emphasis-Capital to "Common" misled. It should be :—

That common chances Common men could bear.

An instance of the cases where alteration of Words has sprung from the same source, we have here :

The breasts of *Hecuba*

When she did suckle *Hector*, look'd not lovelier
Than *Hector's* forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian sword. *Contenning*, tell *Valeria*
We are fit to bid her welcome.

In the Three After Folios we have "Swords Contending," and the Capital Letter given to "Contending" puzzled the Printers, and led them to suppose it was a Proper Name, which they, with a little difference, made it. Perhaps a similar reason led to the other strange Proper Name in the stage direction, "Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, with Cumaliis."

The following List includes, we believe, all deviations from the original text of this Tragedy, which are to be found in the Three After Folios :

Over he comes, and up again: catcht it again : (Page 12.)

The Fourth Folio has "and caught it again."

No, I'll nor sell, nor give him : Lend you him I will. (Page 14.)

The Fourth Folio has "Lend him you."

As they us to our Trenches follows. (Page 15.)

The Second and Third Folios have "followed."

Flower of Warriors, how ist with *Titus Lartius*? (Page 18.)

The Fourth Folio has "Titus Lucius."

(xvii)

If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd. (Page 23.)

The Third Folio has "against."

(Tis South the City Mills.) (Page 25.)

The Third Folio has "Mill."

Especially in Pride. (Page 26.)

The Fourth Folio has "Especially Pride."

That say you are reverend grave men. (Page 27.)

"Men" is left out by the Third Folio.

Do press among the popular Thronge. (Page 32.)

The Fourth Folio has "'mong."

And dispropertied their Freedoms." (Page 33.)

The Fourth Folio has "disproportioned."

And his assent is not by such easy degrees as those, (Page 34.)

The Second Folio has "ascent."

And to send for *Titus Lartius*: (Page 35.)

The Fourth Folio has "Lucius."

We do request your kindest ears (Page 35.)

The Second Folio has "ear."

When with his Amazonian Shin (Page 36.)

The Third and Fourth Folios have "Chin."

Was Brown-bound with the Oak. (Page 37.)

The Fourth Folio "with Oak."

Man enter'd thus, he waxed like a Sea (Page 37.)

The Second Folio has "wated," the Third and Fourth "waited."

as Weeds before (Page 37.)

A vessel under sail,

The Three After-Folios have "Waves before."

Ay but mine own desire (Page 41.)

(xviii)

The Second has "Ay, no," and the Third and Fourth "Ay, not."

Would think upon you, for your Voices, (Page 44.)

And translate his Malice towards you

The Second has :

your Voices, and

Translate, &c.,

More than you doubt the change on't: That prefer (Page 52.)

The Third has :

the change of't: that prefer

Help ye Citizens. (Page 52.)

The Fourth Folio has "Help me Citizens."

Ay, as an Hostler, that fourth poorest price (Page 64.)

The Second Folio has "for th' poorest."

Supplied with worthy men, plant love amongs (Page 64.)

The Fourth Folio has "amongst you."

To'th'Rock, to'th'Rock with him (Page 65.)

The Three After-Folios have only "To the Rock with him."

To say, Extremities was the trier of spirits (Page 68.)

The Second Folio has "*Extremity.*"

Aufidius well appear well. (Page 72.)

The Fourth Folio has "will appear well."

who Twin (as twere) in Love, (Page 73.)

Unseparable,

The Second Folio has "*Twine.*"

My Birthplace have I, and my loves upon (Page 73.)

This Enemy Town.

The Fourth has "and my lover."

The Feast smells well. (Page 74.)

The Second and Third Folios omit "well."

How more unfortunate than all living women (Page 96.)

The Fourth has "than living women."

holp to reap the Fame (Page 102.)

Which he did end all his;

The Third Folio has "*hope*" and the Fourth "*hoped*."

In 1871 we printed a Pamphlet; "North's Plutarch: Notes as to a Copy of this Work in the Greenock Library, supposed to have been Shakspere's." As the motto on its title page, from Romeo and Juliet,

Find them out whose names are written Here?*

I MUST TO THE LEARNED.

was chosen to indicate, this was intended solely for private circulation among gentlemen eminent for love and knowledge of Shaksperian Literature, or for interest and skill in antiquarian and autographic questions, and the impression was confined to a few copies. A good deal of interest was naturally excited by it, and although the main questions still remain undetermined, and possibly may never be made more clear,—for ourselves, far from having "claimed to have establisht" that the Copy of North referred to was Shakspere's Copy, and that the initials, motto, and marginal notes and marks on it, are his, we merely believe this to be the case, and feel our belief still becoming stronger,—it had several important results, not the least of these being the adoption of the 1612 Edition as the basis of a work indispensable to Students of the

* We have given several instances where the Printers of the First Folio were evidently misled by the Emphasis-Capitals in Shakspere's Manuscript, but we cannot resist pointing out that connected with this line. A servant is sent out with the letter or list containing the names of the guests for the Ancient Feast of the Capulets, and finds himself unable to decipher it. Bewildered, he interrogatively repeats his instructions: "Find them out whose names are written Here?" In the First Folio this is printed, "Find them out whose names are written. Here it is written, that the Shoemaker should meddle with his Yard, and the Taylor with his Last," &c., which is nonsense, for *that* was not written there. Shakspere wished to be emphasised in delivery the word "Here," which referred to the visible but mysterious writing on which the illiterate messenger gazes, and occurring in such an odd place, the Printers took it for, and made it, the beginning of a new sentence. The Fourth Folio, so eager and invaluable in remedying evident omissions (while it often overlooks errors) restores the dropt Emphasis-Capital to "Names," and thus, between them, we have the line brought before us, as no doubt it was set down in the Poet's Sanctum in London or Stratford.

Roman Plays : "Shakespeare's Plutarch: being a Selection from the Lives in North's Plutarch which illustrate Shakespeare's Plays. Edited with a Preface, Notes, Index of Names, and Glossarial Index, By the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, M.A., Formerly Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co. 1875," from which Preface the following is an extract :—

"The text of the present edition is based upon the edition of 1612, which is exactly followed: but the whole has been collated, word by word, with the edition of 1631, and all the variations which I have observed between these two editions are recorded in the Notes. There is a passage in the Life of Antony, at p. 187, where the edition of 1612, generally much the better, breaks down, and where I have given the reading of the later edition instead, which has evidently been corrected by a reviser's hand. But in every case where the edition of 1612 has been departed from, notice is given *in the margin* as well as in the Notes; so that the reader always knows exactly what he has in hand. Where any special difficulty has arisen, the edition of 1603 has also been consulted. My reasons for choosing this edition were as follows: The first edition I have not yet found anywhere; the second edition (of which there is a copy in the British Museum) was practically inaccessible to me; and between the third edition (1603) and the fourth (1612), I cannot find that there is much to choose. This being so, I purposely chose the edition of 1612, for a curious and sufficient reason. A copy of this very edition was presented to the Greenock Library in October, 1870, which is supposed to have been *the very copy* which was once in Shakespeare's own possession. The reasons which gave rise to this supposition may be found in an excellent little pamphlet upon the subject by Mr Allan Park Paton. At the head of the title-page of the volume there is written—*Vive: ut Vivas: W.S. :: pretiū 18s.*" Here the note "*pretiū 18s.*" would very well represent the original price of the book, as it happens to be known that the first edition of the same work, about 300 pages shorter, was 10s. 6d. The handwriting, it is said, may very well have been Shakespeare's; and appears again in two other places. Opposite the account of the death of Cæsar (see p. 101, l. 9 of this volume), is written, between brackets, in the margin, the remark—"Brute—Brutus;" and it is remarkable that the famous saying "*Et tu, Brute*" does appear in *Julius Cæsar*, iii. l. 77, but it is *not* to be found in Plutarch. The other note is opposite the expression—"the Ides of March" (see p. 98, l. 5 of this volume); against which is written, in the margin, the note—"March 15." Besides this, a great many

passages are marked, most of these marks coming at the beginning of the book, viz. in the lives of Romulus, Lycurgus, Numa, Solon, Publicola, Themistocles, Camillus, Pericles, and Fabius Maximus, after which there are no more, except *seven* in the life of *Julius Cæsar*, *one* in that of Demosthenes, *three* in that of *Antony*, and *three* in that of *Brutus*. On the whole, since there are these few indications which fairly point to Shakspeare as having been the owner of the book, and as there is no argument whatever on the contrary side, it seems quite possible that the claim may be allowed ; and there is thus a probability that the edition of 1612 is the one which Shakespearre actually bought for his own use, though he no doubt had become acquainted with ‘North’s Plutarch,’ in an earlier edition, some years previously. The present volume contains, then, the text of the 1612 edition ; and the Notes gives all the variations found in the edition of 1631, with a few readings from that of 1609. The spelling has been modernised throughout ; but, in doing this, all the old forms that possess any philological interest have been preserved with the most jealous care.”

As there was embraced in it much of the materials which we would require to employ, at any rate, in our Edition of this and the other Roman Plays, while the chief subject of it must be new to almost all our readers, we do not hesitate to reproduce the Pamphlet here, introducing, within brackets, as we go along, such additional facts and arguments, as have come to our knowledge or suggested themselves since its original appearance. We have further accompanied it with phototyped Fac-Similes of the Title Pages of the Two Volumes referred to.

Through these Notes there may be obtained the opinion and assistance of gentlemen who, interested and experienced in such investigations, are not able conveniently to examine the above volume. The possibility of its having been Shakspere’s entitles it to a careful and impartial trial. If it be found that the W.S., who apparently bought it when published in 1612, and has marked many passages in it, is *the* W.S., the volume must, we think, be regarded as of great interest ; if there are reasons shown why it cannot be considered such, the sooner it takes its place in the ranks the better.

The following unselected extracts as to the connection between

Shakspere and this Work, and the dates of his three Roman Plays, may form a kind of preface.

"What gives the greatest hold on posterity to Sir Thomas North, is the relation between him and Shakspere. There is now no doubt of the fact, which Farmer and Warton in the last century helped to make certain and known—which Mr Knight in our own times judiciously turned to account in his edition—that TO NOEHTH'S PLUTARCH WE OWE SHAKSPERE'S ROMAN PLAYS. In Antony and Cleopatra Shakspere has followed Plutarch more exactly than in the other Roman Plays. But whole speeches in Coriolanus are directly rendered from North's prose. . . . The first edition appeared in 1579, and editions are known of 1595, 1612 and 1613. Mr Collier suggests that the edition of 1595 was that used by Shakspere."*—*Quarterly Review*, vol. 110.

"Shakspere was, as I believe, conversant with the better class of English literature which the reign of Elizabeth afforded. Among other books the translation by North of Amiot's Plutarch seems to have fallen into his hands about 1607. It was the source of three Tragedies, founded on the lives of Brutus, Antony and Coriolanus, the first bearing the name of Julius Cæsar. . . . He has copied Plutarch too exactly."—*Hallam's Literature of Europe*.

"Shakspere's storehouse of learned history was North's Plutarch."—*Warton's History of English Poetry*.

"We have given as an illustrations to each act, very full extracts from North's Translation of Plutarch. Shakspere is to be traced in each of the three lives of Julius Cæsar, Antonius and Brutus; and we have selected those passages from the several narratives of the same events, which appear to have furnished the Poet with the fullest materials."—*Knight's Shakspere*.

"The dates of these Plays, as everybody knows, are uncertain, though there seems no doubt that they belong to the later period of the great poet's life."—*Quarterly Review*, vol. 110.

"We believe that Julius Cæsar was performed during Shakspere's lifetime. Malone says, 'It appears by the papers of the late Mr George Vertue, that a Play called 'Cæsar's Tragedy' was acted at Court before the 10th of April, 1613.' We agree with Malone that this was probably Shakspere's Julius Cæsar. That noble Tragedy is in every respect an acting Play. It is not too long for representation; it has no scenes in which the Poet seems to have

* The edition of 1603 is omitted here. It is not in Lowndes.

abandoned himself to the inspiration of the subject, postponing the work of curtailment till the necessities of the stage should demand it. Not so was Coriolanus, not so especially was Antony and Cleopatra. They each contain more lines than any other of Shakspere's Plays; they are each nearly a third longer than Julius Cæsar. We believe that Coriolanus and Antony have come down to us uncorrected; that they were posthumous works; that the intellect which could not remain inactive conceived a mighty plan of which these glorious performances were the commencement. The marvellous accuracy, the real substantial learning, of the three Roman Plays of Shakspere, present the most complete evidence to our minds that they were the result of a profound study of the whole range of Roman history including the nicer details of Roman manners, not in those days to be acquired in a compendious form, but to be brought out by diligent reading alone. It is pleasant to believe that the last years of Shakspere's life were those of an earnest student.

. . . . We state unhesitatingly that there is no internal evidence whatever for the dates of the three Roman Plays. We believe that they belong to the same cycle; but we would place that later in Shakspere's life than is ordinarily done. Malone places them together properly enough; but assuming that they were written in 1607, 1608 and 1609, his theory makes Shakspere almost absolutely unemployed for the last seven years of his life. We hold that his last years were devoted to these Plays."—*Knight's Shakspere*.

"To the first half of the period between 1604 and his death may be assigned Lear, Macbeth, Cymbeline, The Winter's Tale, and The Tempest. But there are others to be added to the wondrous list, and these probably belong to the latter half of the period, Troilus and Cressida, Henry VIII., Coriolanus, Julius Cæsar, Antony and Cleopatra. The direction of Shakspere's mind to Roman subjects in his closing period, and the marvellous accuracy, the real substantial learning, with which he has treated them, would lead us to believe that he had renewed the studies of his boyhood in the last years of his retirement. . . . It is our opinion that Shakspere continued to write till he was removed by death (1616), and that the Roman Plays were the beginning of a series."—*English Encyclopaedia*.

In October, 1870, there was presented to the Greenock Library, a copy of North's Plutarch, Folio, 1612. This volume had been the property of Gabriel James Weir Esquire, of Greenock, who died, at an advanced age, in 1846. Mr Weir, who was unmarried, was a gentleman of means, at one time a Magistrate in Greenock, and long a Director of the Greenock Library, which was instituted in 1783. He was a friend

of John Galt the Novelist, also a Director of the Library, and of William Spence the Mathematician, who was born in Greenock, and the completing of whose last and unfinished work "Outlines of a Theory of Algebraical Equations," was the late Sir John Herschell's first appearance by the press. Between forty and sixty years ago, Mr Weir was in the custom of getting many of his purchases from London, in the box which brought to Greenock the books ordered for the Library, and which then came from Longman & Co., or Dulau & Co., by Coach or Packet, and there is reason to suppose that this North's Plutarch was bought by him from Longman's Catalogue of Rare Books published in or about 1814. In the Greenock Library "Recommendation Book," there is, between new books published in 1814 and new books published in 1815, this entry in Mr Weir's handwriting: "Messrs Longman & Co.'s Catalogue of Rare Books, &c. Some of the following Books might possibly suit the Library:—

- "1166. Hooker's Ecclesiastical Politie, 1666. Folio.
- "1772. Aubrey's Miscellanies.
- "2437. Howell's Historie of the late Revolution in Naples—Portrait of Masaniello, 1650." (This, the translation of Giraffi, was got.)

Twenty-three other works are specified, with their numbers in the Catalogue, and as the numbers do not correspond with Longman's Catalogues of Rare Books for 1817 and 1822, which are in the Library, if the Plutarch is not found in the Catalogue of 1814 or 1815, it will probably be in that published by Bohn about 1824, or by Longman in 1826; and parties having an opportunity of examining these Catalogues will oblige by referring to them on the point. In the Recommendation Book mentioned, there is, about 1824, the following entry by Mr Weir—"From Bohn's Catalogue, 17 Henrietta Street, London (to fill up an order with)—

- "12052. Aristotle's Treatise on Poetry, translated by Twining. 4to.
- "12702. Dionysius Halicarnassensis, Roman Antiquities. 4 vols. 4to.
- "13407. Life of Hugo Grotius, by De Burigny, 1734."

(Which Books were ordered.)



W.D.S. recd. 10
E. Libr. 1612 Edward Rushlow. August 15 1814

THE LIVES OF THE NOBLE GRE- CIANS AND ROMAINES COMPARED TOGETHER BY THAT GRAVE LEARNED PHILOSOPHER AND HISTORIOGRAPHER

Plutarke of Cheronea:

Translated out of Greek into French by JAMES AMIOT Ab-
bot of Belzanne, Bishop of Auxerre, one of the Kings priue Counsell,
and great Almer of France: VVith the lives of HANNIBAL and SCIPIO
AFRICANUS translated out of Latine into French by CHARLES
de BESCUVE, and out of French into English,
By Sir Thomas North Knight.

*are also added the lives of Epaminondas, of Philip of Macedon, of Dionysius the elder,
of Sertorius, of Scipio Africanus, of Plutarke, and of Seneca; with the lives of nine other
Chieftaines of warre: collected out of Ammilius Probus, by S.G.S.
and Englished by the aforesaid Translater.*

E. Libr. Richards Heale
ex dono to the Taylor
Engl. Socci. Chrift. 1558

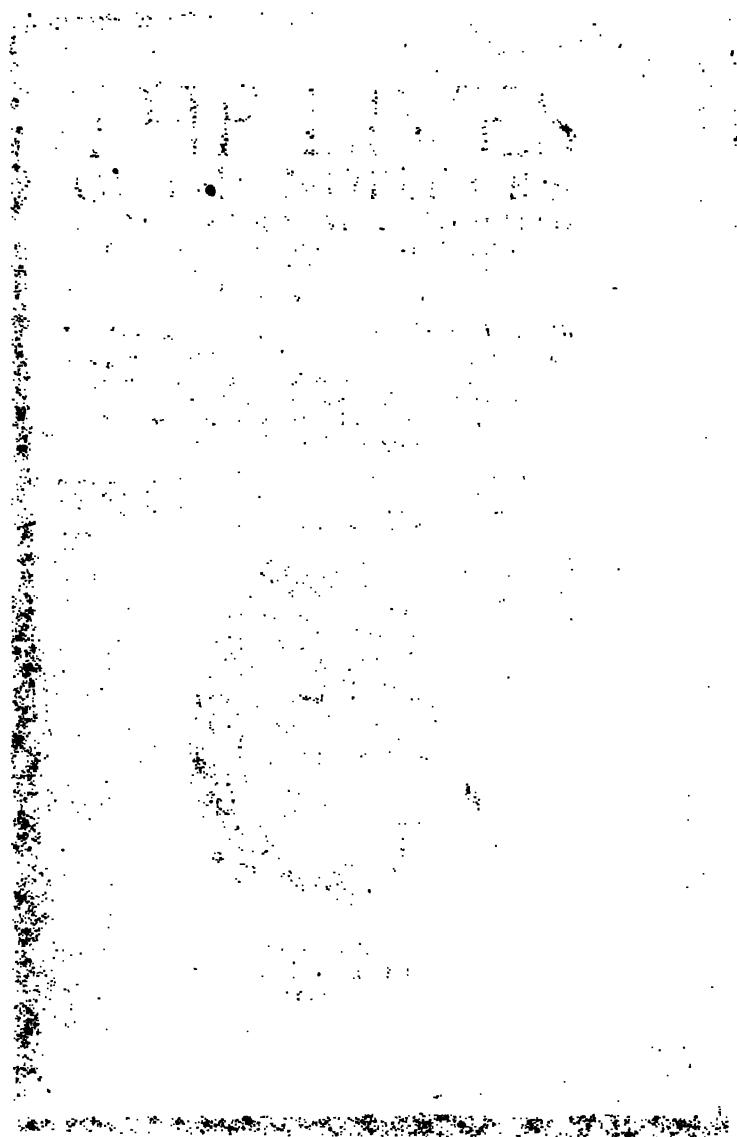


LONDON,
Printed by RICHARD FIELD.
1612.

and the author of the first two volumes of "The
Book of Mormon."

Highway down the pass, that connects the mountain with the valley. She had a grand daughter, lady Elizabeth, who made divers acquaintance, and was, it was said that year six years old of Richard Head, the glazier, his beloved wife-in-law, the Rev'dd Thomas Taylor.

From Hatch and in the bath, Moore and West, 1812, p. 123, certain, probably hard, "Leather Books," Aug. 17, 1812, "the
old hand upper cover, the name written on it when the book
of ownership had passed away, is here scribbled." The said "Leather
Books Labor Autio Domini 1811," are now on the shelf, and, little
down, "Ex Libris Ecclesie Rantum," from the chapter of the
xviith century change from early writing, as follows, and the
same age, abuse of Latin, it occurs in the first book bound in
a kind of scabbed, and rather irregular, leather, of the 17th century,
about 1690, for on the flyleaf of the same there is written, on June 2nd September, 1793, I first saw it, and the
name is written apparently by Rushmore, "With my thanks to the
owner for the use of the leather binding there is a very old name, shall
be an old looking, peculiarly formed signature, ex Nov. 1793, and
another neatly written name, not yet all out, but which ends in
-mich."



At the head of the title page of the North's Plutarch under notice, there is written:—

“Vive:. ut Vivas:. WS:. pretiu-;86.”

It is probable that what is there marked is the original price, considering that that of the first edition of the same book, published in 1579, and about 300 pages shorter, was 10s 6d ; that the price of Spenser's Fairie Queene, published in 1609, was 21s, and of the 1623 Folio of Shakspere's Works, 20s. The characters are of a particularly careful, half-printed kind, like what such a fair volume would, when new, demand from its purchaser, and the position of the writing seems that which would naturally be taken by the first owner. The Folio is full bound, with large gold centres on the sides, and heavy bands, identically the same with those of a copy of the First Edition of Raleigh's History of the World, which lies beside it. On one of the backs, there has been stamped W.S.; one letter being on each side of the centre, but not at exactly the same distance. The initials of owners were often so placed, and there are other instances in the Greenock Library.

Half way down the page, there is an inscription dated 1668—(Shakspere's grand-daughter, Lady Barnard, was then living)—showing that it was in that year the property of Richard Hood, the gift of his beloved father-in-law, the Reverend Thomas Taylor.

Immediately under the latin motto and W.S., there is, in a plain, careful, schoolboy hand, “Edward Rushton, August 16, 1811.” In the left hand upper corner, the same person seems, when the novelty of ownership had passed away, to have scribbled “Edward Rushton egus Liber Anno Domini 1811,” and again on the right hand, a little down, “Eg Liber Eduardus Rushton.” From the character of the writing, the sudden change from careful writing to scribbling, and the use and abuse of latin, it occurred that this must have been the work of a lad at school, and after-examination showed the writer was sixteen years old, for on the fly leaf at the end, there was found “Rushton, Junr., 22nd September, 1795, I first saw day.” On the same leaf there is written, apparently by Rushton, “William Brotherton, Esq.” On the inside edge of the leather binding there is written “John Halshall,” —an old looking, peculiarly formed signature,—“Nell Rushton,” and another neatly written name, not yet made out, but which ends in “ough.”

In the body of the book there are only two brief notes, and they are apparently by the W.S. of the Title page.

It has been observed by Knight and others, that the adherence by Shakspere in his Roman Plays to North's Plutarch, everywhere remarkable, is in the assassination scene of Julius Cæsar almost literal; and so it is, except in one respect. In Shakspere's play, he makes Cæsar, at his death exclaim "Et Tu Bruté;" but Plutarch does not. He narrates that Cæsar being attacked, turned to escape, then seeing in that direction Brutus with his sword drawn, he covered himself with his gown, and allowed himself to be despatched. In the first English Translation of Suetonius' Twelve Cæsars, that of Philemon Holland (whom Fuller calls "the Translator Generall in his age," and tells of his being translated to a better life), published in 1606, which Shakspere would be acquainted with, we have, "and so, with three-and-twenty wounds, he was stabbed: during which time he gave but one grone, without any worde uttered, and that was at the first thrust; although some have written that as M. Brutus came running on him he said, in Greek, 'And thou my sonne,' " and in a note to this we have "Some read, 'And art thou one of them?'. Mr Staunton thinks that this was the original authority for Shakspere's introducing the exclamation, but adds, "the particular expression of the text may have been found in the old Latin play by Dr Eedes, or have been taken from 'The True Tragedie of Richard, Duke of Yorke,' &c., which forms the basis of Part III. of King Henry VI., where we have the following line—'Et tu Brute, Wilt thou stab Cæsar too?' Be this as it may, and wherever he got the authority for the "Et Tu Brute," Shakspere was mainly adhering to North's Plutarch, and using its language; and at this place, where he, almost for the only time and decidedly, differs from the historian, there is written on the margin, "Brute—Brutus," in brackets.

The other written note is at the "Ides of March," opposite which W.S. has put "March 15," which, considering that, if Shakspere's, the one would belong to his youth, and the other to his manhood, bears a resemblance to the "March 16" in the Bury Autograph, as does the last part of its Shakspere, "which is so beautifully written," to the "Vive ut Vivas" here.

There are also about 104 minute but characteristic M.S. marks, by this W.S., to passages in thirteen out of the sixty-five Lives contained

in the volume, and many of the marked passages have been found to correspond with passages in the three Roman Plays. These passages are not such as another W.S., in Shakspere's lifetime, would mark in comparing the History with Shakspere's Plays, assuming that they were written before 1612 (which we do not think), for such a person must then have marked hundreds of passages in the Lives of Cæsar, Coriolanus and Antony, and would not likely mark any passages at a distance from these Lives. Neither would, nor, we may almost say, could Shakspere mark these Lives to the extent he used them. He would require to study them bodily, and have them by heart, and any marks by him on them must have been at points that had been overlooked, or where some difference was to be made. In Julius Cæsar, among the seven marked passages are the following:—(1), “When some of his friends did counsell him to have a guard for the safetie of his person, and some also did offer themselves to serve him, he would not consent to it, but said, it was better to die once than alwayes to be affraid of death.” (2), “Another time, when Cæsar's friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mischiefe towards him: he answered them againe, as for these fat men and smooth combed heads, quoth he, I never reckon of them; but these pale-visaged and carion leane people, I feare them most, meaning Brutus and Cassius.” (3), “It is reported that he had three-and-twenty wounds upon his bodie;”* and in the life of Antonius the following passage is marked, “He used a maner of phrase in his speech called Asiaticke, which caried the best grace and estimation at that time, and was much like to his manners and life: for it was full of ostentation, foolish bravery and vaine ambition.” Upton, in his Critical Observations on

* In the 1623 Folio it is printed “three-and-thirtie,” which must have been an error of the press, for in Plutarch, Suetonius, and North's Translation of Guevara's Dial of Princes, afterwards referred to in these Notes, it is three-and-twenty. (In this passage we overlooked the circumstance, that at one place in North's Guevara it is “33 wounds.” In the 37th Chapter of the First Book of Princes, Fol. 72 of the 1582 Edition, a copy of which is in the Greenock Library and described farther on in these pages, we have: “Julius Cesar was Emperour, and the head of all the Empire, and because he was musinge of weighty matters, and would not harken to him which would have reveled a treason cōspired against him was that same day with 33 woudes in the Senate murdered.” Our Note was so far correct that in the 39th Chapter of the First Book of the same Work we have, “with 23 woundes they despatched him of his life,” and in the 34th Chapter of the Third

Shakspere, quotes this passage, and says, "This style our poet has very artfully and learnedly interspersed in Antony's speeches." These and such passages seem to have been marked for a special reason. An instance or two may now be given of the marked passages in *other* lives, which have apparently been worked in as material, along with the lives dramatised. In Plutarch's descriptions of the death of Cæsar in the Lives of Julius Cæsar and Brutus, there is nothing to give foundation to the passage where Brutus says:

"Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the Elbows," &c.

but in the life of Publicola, W.S. has put a mark opposite the marginal title, "The confederacie confirmed with drinking of man's bloud," and the passage, "After these two yong men had given their consent to be of the confederacie, and had spoken with the Aquilians, they all thought good to be bound one to another, with a great and horrible oath, drinking the bloud of a man, and shaking hands in his bowels, whom they would sacrifice." Plutarch says, "But for the Greeke tong, they do note in some of his Epistles, that Brutus counterfeited that briefe compendious maner of speech of the Lacedæmonians. As when the war was begun, he wrote unto the Pargamenians in this sort. 'I understand you have given Dolabella money; if you have done it willingly, you confesse you have offended me; if against your wils, shew it then by giving me willingly.' 'Another time again unto the Samians. 'Your counsels be long, your doings be slow, consider the end.' And in another epistle he wrote unto the Patareans: 'The Xan-

Book "and afterwards in the Senate they slew him with 23 woûds." But the Passage with the wrong number may have led to Shakspere's making a slip in his Manuscript, and there may have been no error on the part of the Printers of the First Folio. Of other portions of this "the first fruits," as he calls them in his Dedication to Queen Mary, of the Poet's favourite Author, we seem to trace an influence in his Works. Such is suggested by a passage in the Prologue: "O woulde to God there were no greater theeven in the world thë those, which robbe the temporal goods of the riche, and that we did not winke continually at them which take away the good renowme as wel of ye riche as of the poore. But we chasticke the one and dissemble with ye other, which is evidently seene how ye theefe yt stealeth my neighbours gowne is hanged forthwith, but he that *robbeth me of my good name* walketh still before my doore.")

thians despising my good wil, have made their country a grave of dispaire; and the Patareans that put themselves into my direction, have lost no jot of their libertie: and therefore whilst you have liberties either chuse the judgement of the Patareans or the fortune of the Xanthians.''" Brutus' address from the Forum shows how closely Shakspere follows this: "As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was Fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was Valiant, I honour him; But, as he was Ambitious, I slew him. There is Tears, for his Love; Joy, for his Fortune; Honour, for his Valour; and Death, for his Ambition," &c. The W.S. of the North's Plutarch under consideration, has marked the following passage in the Life of Lycurgus, "For mine owne opinion, I like well of the Laconians manner of speaking: "which is not to speake much, but when they speake, to touch the matter effectually and to make the hearers understand them. I think also that Lycurgus selfe, was short and quicke in his talke." A good instance of the way in which Shakspere went to a distance from the main Lives for what he required, and also of the use he made of North's language, is to be found in connexion with the following lines in Coriolanus, addressed to him by Titus Lartius:—

"Thou wast a Soldier
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible
 Only in strokes; but with thy *grim looks*, and
The Thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
 Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the World
 Were Feverous, and did tremble."

In the Folio of 1623 it was printed "Calues wish," which was, of course, a typographical error, for in the life of Coriolanus in North's Plutarch, there is, "For he was even such another, as Cato would have a souldier and a captaine to be, not only terrible, and fierce to lay about him, but to make the enemy afeard with the sound of his voice, and grimness of his countenance," and accordingly, it is now in all editions, "Cato's wish;" but we have not observed notice taken of the original passage on which Shakspere founded. It is in Plutarch's life of Marcus Cato the Censor. (We had overlooked the fact that Theobald refers to this source, and other Editors may have done so.) In North's translation its marginal title is "*A grim looke giveth terror to the enemy*," and it

runs thus: "So when he came to fight he would strike lustily, and never stirre foote nor give back, and would *look cruelly upon his enemy, and threaten him with a fearful and terrible voice*; which he used himself, and wisely taught others to use the like, for such countenances sayd he, many times do feare the enemies more, than the sword ye offer them."

The following are the Lives with marked passages, and their number, and it looks as if the person marking had been reading on a system, or for a purpose, for a general reader would not have left fifty-two of the sixty-five Lives untouched:—

Romulus, - - - - -	5	Pericles, - - - - -	18
Lycurgus, - - - - -	8	Fabius Maximus, - - - - -	2
Numa Pompilius, - - - - -	5	Julius Cæsar, - - - - -	7
Solon, - - - - -	18	Demosthenes, - - - - -	1
Publicola, - - - - -	9	Antonius, - - - - -	3
Themistocles, - - - - -	14	Marcus Brutus, - - - - -	3
Furius Camillus, - - - - -	11		

At all the marked passages, the three points, occurring several times in the line on the title-page written by W.S., are used, either just as they appear there, or placed pyramidal with something like a loosely-formed S coming down from within them: a mark which may have been common about that time. (It has been employed in a copy of Casaubon's Strabo in the Greenock Library, Folio, Geneva, 1587, by its owner in 1601, John Bois, the learned Divine, and one of the Quorum in the Translating of the Bible.)

Some farther features of the Volume may be given in stating the result of a partial comparison between it and the Edition of 1603: the copy of the latter used having formerly belonged to Edmund Lodge, and being lent to assist in this investigation by its present owner, Alexander Whytock, Esq., Edinburgh.

The Plutarch's Lives of the 1503 edition consists of 1103 pages. Then follows, occupying 136 pages, "The Lives of Epaminondas, of Philip of Macedon, of Dionysius the Elder, and of Octavius Cæsar Augustus: collected out of good Authors. Also the lives of nine excellent Chieftaines of warre, taken out of Latine from Emylius Probus, by S.G.S. By whom also are added the lives of Plutarch and Seneca:

Gathered together, disposed, and enriched as the others, And now translated into English by Sir Thomas North Knight." Then follows "A Table of the principallest things contained in this volume" filling 29 pages, and this Table only applies to the Plutarch's Lives.

The copy of the edition of 1612 in the Greenock Library consists of 1103 pages same as the other, and ends with the same number of lines on the last page. The first eight pages, however, are different in their first and last lines, and the ninth begins differently. Continuous paging is carried on through "The Lives of Epaminondas," &c., the last page being 1244, ending on that page with the same number of lines as the other does at its last page, 136. The Table at the end of the Greenock Folio consists of 31 pages, and applies to the whole contents, and the weaving together of the contents of the "Lives of Epaminondas," &c., and the Table of the Plutarch Lives must have been a work of great labour and care, there being not only new independent heads, but minor items inserted in some of the heads of the old Table. The Title Pages of the two editions of the Plutarch Lives are the same, with the following differences. In 1603 it is "Amner of France;" in 1612 "Almner." In 1603 there is a period after "France;" in 1612 a colon. In 1603 the last two lines stand—

"Excellent, &c., collected out of AEmylius Probus by
"S.G.S., and Englished by the aforesaid Translator"

in 1612

"Excellent, &c., out of AEmylius Probus by S.G.S.,
"And Englished &c."

In 1603 it is

"Imprinted at London by Richard Field
"for John Norton,
1603."

In 1612 :

"London,
"Printed by Richard Field,
1612."

(Field was the printer of the first, second, and third Editions of the Venus and Adonis, and of the first Edition of Lucrece—"the printer employed by Shakspere on the only two occasions on which he

sanctioned the publication of his own writings." He was a fellow-townsman of the Poet. John Norton, who died in 1612, published several of the Shakspere Quartos.) In the 1603 edition, the Title page of the Epaminondas part is worded and set exactly the same with that included in the Greenock Folio, with the difference of the date, which is 1603, while the date for the other is 1610. The Dedication of the Epaminondas part to Queen Elizabeth is the same in each, with two differences in the setting, and the use of a larger and better type for the two lines preceding the signature. The ornament at the beginning of the Life of Hamilcar is different. In the edition of 1603—in March of which year Queen Elizabeth died,—the ornament at the end of the Table contains in its centre what seems intended for a likeness of the Queen: at the end of the table in the 1612 edition, the same ornament is used, but with a grotesque face in its centre. Sir Thomas North, in his dedication of the lives of Epaminondas, &c., speaks of his "poore old decaying life," and it is possible (which we have not had an opportunity of ascertaining) that this "my second translation of the late addition of fifteene other lives, unto those "former in Plutarch," as he calls it, first appeared in 1603.

These particulars may be suggestive to parties familiar with such comparisons.

(For the following we are indebted to the courtesy of Mr F. J. Furnivall, Founder of The New Shakspere Society.

On comparing the different Editions—1579, 1595, 1603, 1612 of Sir Thomas North's Englishing of Amyott's French Translation of Plutarch's Lives, to find out which of these Editions Shakspere used for his Roman Plays, Mr Halliwell had noticed many small differences between these Editions of North, and had in one case, in Coriolanus, hit on a word "unfortunate," altered by the 1612 edition from the former ones "unfortunatly," which "unfortunate" was the word used by Shakspere in his Tragedy of Coriolanus. This was, therefore, *prima facie* evidence that Shakspere used the 1612 edition of North for his Coriolanus, if not for his other Roman Plays. Here are the extracts:—

Shakspere. *Coriolanus*, Act V. Sc. iii. l. 44, *Tragedies*, p. 27,
or 625, ed. Booth :

Volum. Should we be silent & not speak, our Raiment
And state of Bodies would bewray what life

(xxxiii)

We haue led since thy Exile. Think with thy selfe,
How more vnfortunate then all liuing women
Are we come hither. . .

Sir T. North's *Plutarch*, 1612, p. 254:
'The oration of Volumnia, vnto her sonne Coriolanus.'

Then she spake in this sort: If we held our peace (my sonne) and determined not to speake, the state of our poor bodies, and present sight of our raiment, would easily bewray to thee what life we haue led at home, since thy exile and abode abroad; but think now with thy selfe, *how much more vnfortunate then all the women liuing*, we are come hither. . .

Ed. 1603:

But think now with thy selfe, *how much more vnfortunately* then all the women liuing we are come hither.

Ed. 1595:

But thinke now with thy selfe, *how much more vnfortunately* then all the women liuing we are come hither.

Ed. 1579:

But thinke now with thy selfe, *howe much more vnfotunatly*, then all the women liuinge we are come hither.

Coupling this fact with the other that Mr Allan Park Paton claims to have established, namely, that Shakspere's own copy of the 1612 edition of North's *Plutarch*, with the initials W.S. is now in the Greenock Library, we have a strong *prima facie* case for the use of that edition by Shakspere in his *Coriolanus*; for, as Dyce well says, this Play "is proved by the style to have been one of the author's latest compositions."

Mr Halliwell's "Hint on the date of Coriolanus and possibly other Roman Plays"—Read at the New Shakspere Society's Meeting, June 26th, 1874.)

With regard to the "Edward Rushton, Junior," whose four signatures on the volume have been referred to, it is likely that he will be found to have been a son of Edward Rushton, of Liverpool, whose Poems and other writings, with a sketch of the Life of the author by Dr Shepherd, of Gateacre, Author of the Life of Poggio Bracciolini, Paris, in 1802 and 1814, &c., were published in 1834. Rushton was born in

Liverpool in 1756, and in his youth was mate of a slaver, where he saw such atrocities as led to his being a fearless abolitionist, and valuable ally of Clarkson, who called a River in his Abolition Chart after him. While at sea, and attending a crew attacked by ophthalmia, he lost his sight, and was blind for thirty years, at the end of which period his vision was restored by an operation. He was, when blind, set up by his father in a tavern in Liverpool, but from his nature and tastes, this proved a most uncongenial occupation, and he became a proprietor and editor of the *Liverpool Herald*. His abolition opinions were found, however, to affect the paper, and renouncing his connexion with it, he became a Bookseller. In this calling he was successful, and was latterly in good circumstances and greatly respected. Through having books read to him, “he was familiar with history, especially the history of his country,” and “the Plays of Shakspeare were familiar to his lips as household words.” It would seem as if this son (should the speculation be confirmed) had received the North’s Plutarch, as a family relic on his mother’s side, either from her before her death, or from his father after that event, for in the life of Rushton we learn that Mrs Rushton—probably the “Nell Rushton” whose signature on the book has been mentioned, died in 1811, the year of the inscription. “The remainder of his life was little varied by incident. In the new gratification of reading, he spent his leisure hours usefully and pleasantly. Being more qualified than in former years to enjoy the pleasures of society, he enlarged a little the circle of his acquaintance, and his days passed in happiness; which was, however, in the year 1811, painfully interrupted by the death of his wife, who had been a kind and faithful partner of his various fortunes, and of a daughter who was admired and esteemed by all who knew her. These afflictions he survived about three years.” He died, we are told, in November 1814, “attended by his son,” whose book, if we are correct in our supposition, the Folio had become three years before. This son, at his father’s death, would be only nineteen years old, and in all probability the business would be discontinued, and the book stock disposed of. The Plutarch’s passing with it into the hands of Longman & Co., who “bought libraries or small collections of old books at liberal prices,” and its appearing in their Catalogue of 1814 or 1815, seems natural. Strangely enough, among the opening passages of the Life of Edward Rushton in Wilson’s Biography of the Blind,

London, 1835, there occurs the following, "There is no history so useful to man, as the history of man. In perusing the pages of Plutarch, how are we struck with the rich fund of intellectual knowledge contained in the pages of that inimitable author." It may be mentioned, that in the list of subscribers to Aiken's Manchester, published 1795, there is "Mr Edward Rushton, Manchester."

(The writer of "Rushton, Junr., 22 September, 1795, I first saw day" would be, if he made no boyish blunder in the date, fifty-five years old on 22nd September, 1850, and although the dates do not quite agree, it is certainly strange to find the following Inscription on a Tomb in St. James' Cemetery, Liverpool: "In Memory of Edward Rushton Esq, Police Magistrate of the Borough of Liverpool Who died April 4th, 1851. Aged 55 years." Then in Lowndes, under Shakespeariana, we have entered the Work, "Shakspeare a Lawyer By W. L. Rushton, Liverpool, 1858 12mo. 1/." and the title of a recent Work from the same hand is "Shakespeare Illustrated by the Lex Scripta By William Lowes Rushton of Grays Inn, Barrister at law, Corresponding Member of the Berlin Society for the Study of Modern Language: Author of "Shakespeare A Lawyer," "Shakespeare's Legal Maxims," "Shakespeare Illustrated by Old Authors," "Shakespeare's Testamentary Language," &c., London: Longman Greens & Co., 1870.)

The Rev. Thomas Taylor, who, in or before 1668, presented this copy of North's Plutarch to his son-in-law, Richard Hood, will no doubt be traced out, although the name of Taylor is as common as Hood is rare. TAYLOR is a name singularly associated with Shakspere. There were two of this name fellow players and partners with the poet: John Taylor and Joseph Taylor. In 1589, the theatres being accused of introducing religious and political matter, Shakspere's company disclaimed having done so, by a Petition to the Council, commencing "These are to certify your Honourable Worships, that Her Majesty's poor players, James Burbage, Richard Burbage, John Taylor, William Shakspere, &c., being all of them sharers in the Blackfriars Playhouse." In his Biography of Shakspere, Mr Knight, speaking of the names to this certificate, says: "the sixth on the list, John Taylor, was probably an old actor; and might be the father of the famous Joseph Taylor." On the paper attached to the Chandos portrait, is written, "The Chandos Shakspere was the property of John Taylor, the player, by whom, or by Richard Burbage, it

was painted. The picture was left by the former in his will to Sir William Davenant." In the *Critical Review* for December, 1770, this portrait is said to have been "painted either by Richard Burbage or John Taylor, the player, the latter of whom left it by will to Sir William Davenant." Mr Payne Collier, in his history of the portrait to the Council of the Shakspere Society, spoke of Burbage as the painter, and says, "Joseph Taylor the actor, who outlived Burbage many years, is stated to have been the next owner of the picture, and it has been added that 'he left it by will to Sir William Davenant ;' but as no will by Taylor has been discovered, and as he was very poor in the latter part of his life, it seems much more probable that Davenant obtained it by purchase," and the writer on "Frozen-out Actors" in the *Cornhill Magazine* 1862, seems also to connect it with Joseph Taylor, for he says "Old Taylor retired with that original portrait to solace him, which was to pass by the hands of Davenant to that glory of our stage, incomparable Betterton." According to the Folio of 1623, among the names of "the Principall Actors in all these Playes," are "William Shakspere, John Heminge, Henrie Condell, Joseph Taylor, Robert Gouge," &c. Of Joseph Taylor it is said by Steevens, "It appears from Roscius Anglicanus (commonly called Downes the prompter's book), 1708, that Shakspere took pains to instruct him in the character of Hamlet," which, it is said, he acted "incomparably well." He must have been a player of the higher class, for in a satire against Ben Jonson are these two lines—

Let Lowine cease, and Taylor scorn to touch
The loathed stage, for thou hast made it such.

In the Memoir of Joseph Taylor by Mr Payne Collier, it is assumed that he was born in London, but as to this there is no certainty. In 1608 he was one of the shareholders at the Blackfriars' Theatre. Wright in his *Historia Histrionica*, says that Lowine, Taylor, and Pollard, who were superannuated, went, at the breaking out of the Rebellion, into the King's army, and served their old master like good men and true, and that Taylor died in 1653 at Richmond, and was buried there. Lysons, in his *Environs of London*, says, "Joseph Taylor, an eminent actor, who died in 1653, is said to have been buried at Richmond, but there is no memorial of him to be found in the Church

or Churchyard, and the Register is not so ancient." At Richmond, Yorkshire, in 1576, was born the Rev. Thomas Taylor of St Mary's, Aldermanbury, London, who died in 1632, and was buried in that Church, where also were buried Heminge and Condell, Shakspere's fellow-players and shareholders, to whom the Poet bequeathed by his will "twenty-eight shillings eight pence a piece to buy them rings." This Thomas Taylor is one of Fuller's Worthies of England. His father, "a bountifull entertainer of people in distress," was Recorder of Richmond, and educated four of his sons for the Church. It is possible that John and Joseph were of this family. According to the Register of Richmond, Yorkshire, a John Taylor was buried there in 1655, and a Thomas Taylor in 1656. The Reverend Dr Thomas Taylor was a fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, and began to preach when 21 years old. He was Minister at Watford, Hertfordshire, at Reding, Berkshire, and in 1625 obtained the living of St Mary's, Aldermanbury. During the seven years he was there, Condell and Heminge were buried in that Church, the former dying in 1627, and the latter in 1630. In 1667, the year before Richard Hood wrote the inscription on the North's Plutarch, an ejected Minister, the Reverend Thomas Taylor, had to fly by night from Salisbury, and seek refuge with his friends in London. He was born about 1612, at Broughton, Oxfordshire, and had been ejected from Burbich in 1662, when he had a very large family. He removed to Salisbury, where he was supported by his wife's teaching and the kindness of friends. He was not troubled for seven years. But in 1667 he was, at the instigation of Dr Seth Ward, cited to appear at the Spiritual Court, and attended there on several occasions without the case being brought on. At last, being a studious man, he forgot to act on one of these citations, probably in 1668, and was excommunicated for contempt of Court. The writ came soon from London, but through a friend, Mr Taylor was warned by night, when all the members of his family were in bed and asleep, and he escaped, and got to London. In 1671 the excommunication was taken off, and he continued at Salisbury till his wife's death in 1676, after which he came to London, "his children then alive, being in or near the city, and died soon after. He was the father of Mr Nathaniel Taylor, of Salters Hall." In the *Quarterly Review*, vol. 115, there is the following: "We get a fact slightly touching Shakspere's domestic life from the Chamberlain's

accounts of the year 1614. ‘Item, for on quart of sack, and on quart of clarrett wine, given to a preacher at the New Place xxd.’ Mr Dyce surmises that the Poet may have lent his house for the occasion in compliance with the wishes of some of his family, whom he was too like minded to oppose, though he could have little sympathy with a Puritan preacher. Possibly the connexion may have been through Shakspere’s daughter, Susannah, who may have lived at New Place. Her epitaph tells of her being ‘wise to salvation,’ and a good Christian. And we doubt not the poet was at home to a friend of Mistress Hall; sat in his own seat, and presided at his own board.” In 1596, when Puritan feeling was strong there, Richard Byfield, one of the most zealous of their Ministers, was Vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon, (probably father of the famous Nicholas Byfield, author of “The Marrow of the Oracles of God,” who was a Warwickshire man,) and he was Vicar till 1610. It is supposed that we owe to him the transcript of the original Register from 1558 to 1600, each page of which is signed by him and four churchwardens certifying its correctness. Susannah Shakspere and Dr Hall would, we presume, be married by this zealous Puritan.* In 1683, according to a bell inscription, one of the Churchwardens of Holy Trinity Church, in which Shakspere was buried, was John Taylor. It may be here mentioned, that there is in the Greenock Library, bearing on the back of the title page, “John Taylor, his book,” with the date 1616, the year of Shakspere’s death, or 1716, (it is a little difficult to make out, some one having run a pen over it, but both the figures 1 are dotted),† “The Dial of Princes Compiled by the Reverend father in God, Don Antony of Guevara, Byshop of Guadir, Preacher, Chronicler to Charles the fifth, late of that name Emperour. Englished out of the

* This opportunity may be taken to enquire who is the poet referred to in the following passage in Speed’s History of Great Britaine, published in 1611 (Book 9: chap. 15), “That N.D.”—Nic Doleman *i.e.*, Robert Parsons, the Jesuit, who died in 1610,—“Author of the three Conversions, hath made Ouldcastle a Ruffian, a Robber, and a Rebell, and his authority taken from the stage-plaiers is more befitting the pen of his slanderous report than the credit of the judicious, being only grounded from this papist and *his poet*, of like conscience for lies, *the one ever faining*, and the other ever falsifying the truth.”

† The Phototype of this signature has included, we see, part of an adhesive Library label which we had placed upon a rent at the border of the leaf, to prevent it from extending.

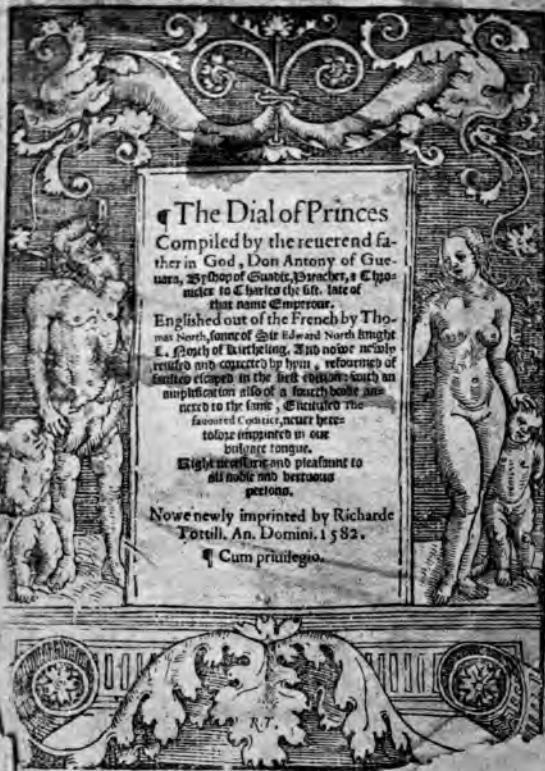
The Dial of Princes

Compiled by the reverend fa-
ther in God, Don Antony of Gu-
vara, Bishop of Sanci, Preacher, & Chap-
master to Charles the fift, late of
that name Empyre.

Englisched out of the French by Tho-
mas North, sonne of Sir Edward North knight
L. R. of Bercheling. And nowe newly
revised and corrected by hym, reformed of
faultes escaped in the first edition, with an
amplification also of a fourthe parte
added to the same. Containing the
fauoured Comix, never heretofore
tolde imponed in our
vulgar tongue.
Eight meeter and pleasant to
all noble and berauous
persons.

Nowe newly imprinted by Richard de
Tortill. An. Domini. 1582.

Cum privilegio.



John Smith
1582



French by THOMAS NORTH, sonne of Sir Edward North, knight L. North of Kirtheling. And nowe newly revised and corrected by hym, refourmed of faultes escaped in the first edition: with an amplification also of a fourth booke annexed to the same, Entituled The favoured Courtier, never heretofore imprinted in our vulgare tongue. Right necessarie and pleasaunt to all noble and vertuous persons. Nowe newly imprinted by Richarde Tottill. An Domini, 1582." It is a small quarto, black letter, and bound in parchment. Not only does it contain the inscription mentioned, but on folio 296 there is again written "John Taylor," and "Tho—" as if the commencement of "Thomas" in a more modern handwriting. On folio 81 there is also written "Thomas Glaser, his b—." Strangely enough, this book, which must strike any one who has read it and knows Shakspere, as being the kind of book he would avail himself of, has a number of passages marked with the three points as occurring in the first written line on the Plutarch, and on the parchment back there has been half printed with a pen W.S. The W. has been, in the middle of its two principal lines, partially darkened by a party making calculations beside it, and the S. is very faint, but to many who have scrutinized it, the initials are there, and resemble the W.S. of the Plutarch. It is likely that the Plutarch and this have come the same way, and will be found together in one of the Catalogues mentioned: the Dial of Princes probably under the No. 1513. In the *Manchester City News* of July, 1878, appeared under the head of "Queries," the following, which again brings before us, strangely associated, the names Edward Rushton and John Taylor:—

JOHN TAYLOR, OF BOLTON-LE-MOORS.—Who was the above-named? In the poems of Edward Rushton, of Liverpool (8vo., 1824, page 77), his epitaph is given, it being added that he died of the yellow fever at New York, 11th September, 1805. It would appear from the epitaph as if he left his country for political reasons.

J. E. B.

So little is known of Sir Thomas North, beyond the facts of his translating three works, Guevara's Dial of Princes, Amyot's Plutarch, and Doni's Morall Philosophie, and being in his old age indebted to Queen Elizabeth for some kind of pension—even the dates of his birth and death not being ascertained—that it is interesting to learn by the Epistle to the Reader, prefacing the Fourth Book of the Dial of Princes entituled the favoured Courtier, and dated "my Lord North's house

nere London the 10 day of May, 1568," that "detractinge tongues had bruted that the translation was no work of his, but the fruit of others labour"—and that he there "protesteth to God, and confesseth to the world, that he more rashly than wisely plunged himselfe into so grave and deepe a matter, and that his yong yeres and unskilful head, might both then and now have excused his fond enterprise therein, and must needs appeal to all the worshipful and his beloved compaignions and fellow students of our house of Lincolnes Inne at that time whence his poore english Dial took his light."

(As has been stated, there is traceable on the inside edge of the leather binding of the Volume what looks like the signature "John Halshall." In Major Walter's beautiful Book, "Shakespeare's Home and Rural Life, 1874," we find it stated (p. 39), "One of the Holy Trinity Windows" at Stratford, "formerly bore this inscription: 'Thomas Balshall, Doctor of Divinity, re-edified this quier, and died Anno 1491.'" May not the name on the edge of the binding be Balshall, and belong to some descendant of the subject of this inscription?)

The foregoing particulars may assist in an endeavour to trace the intermediate history of this copy of North's Plutarch, although a knowledge of this, however satisfactory and interesting, cannot, we think, be considered necessary towards answering the main question, viz., was it Shakspere's book, and are the motto, initials, written notes, and marks on it, his? Nevertheless, its journey of two centuries and a half may some day be completely made out, and indeed, towards this, there would seem to be not a great deal to do. We already know its whereabouts for the last fifty years, and if it is found to have belonged to the family of the mother of "Edward Rushton Junior," who was married about ten years before this son's birth, its ownership for about a hundred years back will be established. Coming down, again, we have W.S., apparently the original owner in 1612, with whom and his family, and the Reverend Thomas Taylor, the period extending to 1668, would easily be exhausted. In the possession of Richard Hood, who owned it in that year, and his family, it is moderate to suppose it preserved for fifty years, which would bring it down till about 1720, leaving only fifty years to be filled up, and there are on the book three other names, probably indicating other owners. There might indeed be no other

owners than W.S., the Rev. Thomas Taylor, Richard Hood, John Halshall, the person whose signature ends with "ough," William Brotherton, "Nell Rushton," Edward Rushton, junr., the Booksellers from whom it was bought (if it is traced to one of the old Catalogues), and Gabriel James Weir. Of the "Essays of Montaigne" belonging to the Nation, this may be called the history. Gonzalo's description of his ideal commonwealth in the *Tempest* was unquestionably founded on a passage in the 30th chapter of the 1st Book of Montaigne's Essays, as translated by John Florio, the subject being "Of the Caniballes," and where a nation is spoken of that "hath no kind of traffike, no knowledge of letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politike superiorite; no use of service, of riches or of poverty," and so on. On this particular copy (of the first edition), which had been, for sixty years previous to its purchase in 1838, in the possession of the Reverend Edward Patterson, Minister of Smethwick, near Birmingham, is written, with a similarity to the five legal and genuine autographs, "Willm. Shakspere." On these grounds it became the property of the Nation, and its authenticity is generally admitted, although, as the *Athenaeum* has said, "Men are even to be found who doubt the Florio in the Museum."

A few points may be put under heads, so that they may be taken up more readily.

1st. This edition of North's *Plutarch* was published four years before Shakspere's death, and therefore in time to be used by him in connection with his three Roman Plays, according to the opinion of some. It is not likely that he would in 1612, for the first time, become acquainted with the book, but, assuming that he had possessed and used any of the previous editions,—say the edition of 1595, as suggested by Mr Payne Collier, though that of 1603 would suit such chronological tables as those of Malone and Drake, in which the three Roman Plays are placed in 1607, 1608 and 1609,—it is almost certain, that, having founded such laborious works upon it, he would possess himself of this new edition, printed by his fellow-townsman and publisher, especially as it is revised and fully indiced.

2nd. There would in 1612 be many a W.S., but not many persons of these initials who could afford to buy such a book, each copy, we are told, selling for more than five pounds of our money, apart from the

cost of the handsome binding bestowed on this particular copy, and certainly there would not be one more likely to have it than *the W.S.*

3rd. If the W.S. on the book, bought it in 1612, the title page, with the exception of Richard Hood's inscription in 1668, and the fly-leaves, remained untouched by pen for two hundred years; that is until Edward Rushton, Junior, sixteen years old, in 1811 invaded them with his out-of-place looking signatures and the record of his own birth. There being only fifty-six years between the first inscription and this one, it is possible, as we have said, that the Reverend Thomas Taylor was the owner who succeeded W.S., and his name being the first mentioned, this is most likely. The question occurs, why had he not put his own name on it while it was yet his own book, and was it reverence for it that restrained him?

4th. The fact of three parties having signed their names upon the inside, narrow, overlapping leather strip of the binding,—“the straight” as it is technically called, we believe,—suggests that the book itself was considered a kind of sacred book, and that a desire to be associated with it, and respect for it, went together.

5th. There being not a single mark or written syllable throughout its 1268 pages, save those corresponding with W.S.'s writing on the title page, seems to point in the same direction.

6th. The W.S. stamped on the back,—not, as binders and others who have carefully examined it report, by anybody connected with the getting up of the book, but by the proprietor—was probably a supplementary mark of ownership, on the Volume's being bound as it now is.

7th. The Latin motto, the initials, and the price, are evidently in the same handwriting, and the recurrence several times in the line of the three points like those of a triangle, shows that this was a peculiarity of the writer.

8th. The motto “*Vive ut Vivas,*” was apparently the motto of this W.S.

Shakspere's crest of the falcon holding a spear being known, it has been often asked, Did he use any motto? In the Herald and Genealogist, No. 6, p. 510, the Shakspere Grant of Arms, preserved in the Heralds' College, is given, and the Editor, Mr Gough Nichols, says, “In the margin are sketched with a pen the arms and crest, and above

them is written ‘Non sans droicht.’” This is a circumstance seemingly overlooked by all his biographers, many of whom had carefully examined and copied the Grant for publication, and even fac-similes of the draft for the Grant of Arms have been given, without this being noticed. There is no evidence that Shakspere used this motto, as there has been hitherto no evidence of his using any other, and no motto accompanies the Arms on the Stratford Monument. A French motto seems unlike Shakspere. “Not without right,” would be better, but some charges having been made against Garter and Clarencieux, Kings-at-Arms, that they had wrongfully given Arms to twenty-three persons, John Shakspere being one of them, and there having been additional enquiry into his circumstances, &c., it is far from probable that there should have been adopted a motto, which would seem a continual disclaimer against the objection. At the first glance, it looks to outsiders the decision, in its heraldic form, of the Herald Office, after re-examining the grounds of the claim.

(The late Mr Gough Nichols, here mentioned, on receiving the Pamphlet, wrote as follows, “I beg to thank you for the Copy I have received of your Pamphlet on North’s Plutarch, which I propose to notice in my *Herald and Genealogist*. There is a misprint in your Copy of the Motto on the Grant at the College of Arms, which should be without the h. In page 22 Reding for Reading is no doubt accidental. I think you are wrong in supposing that North was a Knight, though you are not the first to fall into that apprehension. I should be very glad if you could establish “Vive ut Vivas” to have been Shakspere’s Motto, as it is a sentiment that would add honour even to his present reputation. I presume you mean that the letters W.S. are stamped on the *front covers*, as the initials often were in the 17th Century. I open my letter to withdraw my doubt about Sir Thomas North’s Knighthood. I find he is called Sir Thomas in the Will of his brother Roger, Lord North, 1600. There is a Memoir of him in the *Athenæ Catabrig*, where Mr Cooper says he was Knighted after September, 1568, “but at what particular time we cannot ascertain.”)

The motto “Vive ut Vivas” written by W.S. on this North’s Plutarch, is associated with the Falcon in at least three cases, and no doubt there is a heraldic connexion between them. In the Arms of Halkertoun (Earl of Kintore) we have “supporters two *falcons* proper. Motto

Vive ut Vivas;" in those of Randle Willbraham Falconer, Wales, we have a "Falcon perched hooded and belled." "Motto *Vive ut Vivas;*" and they are likewise associated in the arms of Falconer, of Falcon Hall, near Edinburgh, on one of whose Entrances,—a photograph of which lies before us while we write,—a Falcon sits on each of the two side Pillars, and in the centre of each of the panels there is the Falcon, with this Motto round it on a scroll. There are found on books mottoes suggested by the character of the book or the owners' use of it ; but there is often found written along with the owner's name, as in this case, what was evidently his own motto : as where Geoffrey Whitney, author of a Choice of Emblems, 1586, writes "Constanter et syncere" on his copies of Paradin's Devises Heroiques, 1562, and Oclandus' Praelia Anglorum, 1582 ; and where Thomas Buttes, "in a very beautiful hand of the time of Elizabeth," writes along with his signature, on his copy of Latymer's Fruteful Sermons, 1575, "Soyez sage et simple—Be wise and playne," with an acrostic on his name, and "verses in praise of his motto." On Charles the First's copy of Shakspere, now in the possession of the Queen, there is, "Dum Spiro Spero. CR." In the instance of the motto on this North's Plutarch, we think that any one carefully inspecting it will feel inclined to believe that it belonged, in some special way, to the W.S. who wrote it before his initials. A man buying a new book, and with great care putting on it his initials and the price paid, would not, exactly in the same line, in the same characters, and connected by the three points, precede them by a motto suggested by the nature of the book, or by his own intended use of it, though with regard to North's Plutarch, Shakspere might not inappropriately have put on it such a motto as might be rendered, "Live in the lives of others, or so enter into the lives of others, of the Past, that you yourself may live in the minds of others, of the Future."

9th. One of the first questions generally and naturally put on the subject of the writing of W.S., on this copy of North's Plutarch, is as to how far it agrees with the known Autographs ; and our remaining remarks will be connected with the Handwriting of Shakspere. We suppose that in Shakspere's Plays and Poems there are about a hundred thousand lines, and he would have private and professional correspondence ; yet of his writing, we have nothing, publicly acknowledged as genuine, save Six Signatures, which belong to the last half dozen years

of his life, and five of which are to law deeds. Even of this number, one has been lost since Garrick's death, nearly a hundred years ago, but it is preserved to us through an engraving made for Malone. (The late Sir Frederick Madden, in acknowledging receipt of the Pamphlet and Photograph of the Title Page of the Volume, wrote, 11th Sept., 1871, "The State of Sir F. M.'s health prevents him from entering deeply into any literary enquiry, but he begs to point out to Mr Paton that the dates of the Deeds referred to on page 31 are Bargain and Sale 10 March 1611 Mortgage 11 March 1611, so that the latter is only one day later than the former, and although supposed to be *lost* when Sir F. M. printed his remarks on Shakspere's Autograph in 1838 was afterwards discovered in the hands of M. R. Troward—Son of Mr Troward, Partner of Wallis, who gave it to Garrick—and was sold by Auction at Sotheby's & Co in June 1858, and then purchased by the British Museum, where ever since it has been publicly exhibited in the Department of MSS. In regard to the note of the *price* of the Volume Sir F. Madden reads it *prētiū 16s* and he doubts very much whether this notice is written by the same hand that has written the Motto and the initials Wm (?) S.") One of the six Autographs referred to is the British Museum signature; likely to be the earliest in date, the *Tempest* having been acted in 1611. There is the signature to the lost Mortgage, March, 1612, and that to the Deed of Bargain and Sale, the property of the Corporation of London, 1613. And the remaining three are the signatures to his Will, written one month before his death. In the half of these the Poet contracted his Christian name twice to "Willm." and once to "Wm.;" but there is enough of resemblance, however they differ, to satisfy us that they all are his, the Florio being the best. As to these signatures, the following are a few *opinions*, scarcely selected; "We look," it is said in "A Shakspere Memorial" published in 1864, "at these quaint and crabbed autographs, and wonder how the Plays were written." "The few signatures that have been preserved," says the *Quarterly* for July, 1871, "are very little like what might have been expected from one whose practice in writing must have been considerable, and who had in his time filled many reams of manuscript. . . . If Shakspere's handwriting was at all like his signatures, it was by no means easy to decipher. . . . The wonder is how with such a hand he could have written so much." "It is

absurd," the *Athenaeum* has said, "to suppose that Shakspere, who really wrote a good hand,—witness the 'William' of his signature,—should have made, on every occasion, a mysterious hash of the last syllable of his name." Such remarks go to show the public opinion that these hurried signatures are by no means to be taken as representing Shakspere's undisturbed, closet writing, and one can easily see how they should not be relied on for this. When signing a Mortgage or Conveyance of a house, or a Will, before lawyers and witnesses, men do not think of the appearance, but of the act and effect of the signature; while, receiving in country retirement, an expensive, beautiful and precious volume, fresh from the press, and putting the record of ownership on it, the writing would certainly be made in correspondence with it. It may indeed be conceded that the MSS. of Shakspere's Plays could not have been of the same character as the known Autographs, for they would then have been unsuitable for the theatres and printers. That they were legible and careful MSS. has been generally assumed, through the oft-quoted words of Heminge and Condell in their Dedication:—"His mind and hand went together: And what he thought he uttered with that easinesse, that wee have scarce received from him a blot in his papers"; and they speak of "his own writings" as distinguished from "the copies" with which the public had been previously abused. But that the Folio of 1623 was printed from the poet's MSS. seems to us certain from one thing, viz: *the frequent and invariably intelligent use of Capital Letters at the commencement of Words where they are not commonly used.*

(At this part of the Pamphlet we first printed our opinion as to the Emphasis-Capitals employed by Shakspere, and introduced a few confirmatory Extracts.)

With regard to the written line at the head of the title page of the copy of North's Plutarch under notice, all that we can say farther is, that its character seems to fall in well with what we imagine "these fair manuscripts" must have been, and that to our eyes there is a resemblance between the initials W.S., here,—elegant and half printed as they are,—and the initials in the acknowledged Autographs.

(In a letter dated "British Museum, 12th March, 1872," Mr Carruthers, F.R.S., wrote, "I have shewn the tracings I made to Mr Bond, Keeper of the Manuscripts here. He was greatly interested

in your discovery, though he had seen nothing of it except what had appeared in the public papers. His impression was that you had made out a good case. There was nothing in the writing, as far as my tracings enabled him to determine, that was opposed to its being Shakspere's writing.")

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WATT MONUMENT.

Lines in Coriolanus containing Words whose Emphasis-Capitals escaped the Editors and Printers of the Second Folio (1632). (The page referred to in this and the following Lists applies to the present Edition, and Italic-Capitals distinguish what had been omitted, or added.)

	Page
Take your Commission	10
I speak from Certainties	,, 10
I leave your Honors	,, 10
You Shames of Rome	,, 15
Were Feavorous, and did tremble	,, 16
By Interims and conveying gusts, we have heard	,, 17
Hath not that Honor in't it had	,, 25
Or Wrath, or Craft may get him	,, 25
At home, upon my Brother's Guard	,, 25
Nature teaches Beasts to know their Friends	,, 26
more of your conversation would infect my Brain	,, 28
Oh, he is wounded, I thank the Gods for't	,, 29
The Gods grant them true	,, 29
petition'd all the Gods	,, 30
But with them, change of Honors	,, 31
He cannot temp'rately transport his Honors	,, 32
The Naples Vesture of Humility	,, 32
To th' People	,, 33
Of no more Soul, nor fitness for the World	,, 33
And carry with us Ears and Eyes for th' time	,, 34

	Page
But <i>Hearts</i> for the event	"
his <i>Honors</i> in their <i>Eyes</i> , and his actions in their <i>Hearts</i>	"
With <i>Honors</i> like himself	"
Your <i>Honor's</i> pardon	"
He had rather venture all his <i>Limbs</i> for <i>Honor</i>	"
Both <i>Field</i> and <i>City</i> ours	"
To ease his <i>Breast</i> with panting	"
He cannot but with measure fit the <i>Honors</i>	"
I do owe them still my <i>Life</i>	"
Your <i>Honor</i> with your form	"
So if he tell us his <i>Noble</i> deeds	"
is rather to have my <i>Hat</i> , than my <i>Heart</i>	"
The <i>Gods</i> give you joy	"
for your <i>Voices</i>	"
And try'd his <i>Inclination</i>	"
No <i>Heart</i> among you	"
Against the Rectorship of <i>Judgement</i>	"
Your <i>Minds</i> pre-occupied	"
Your fellow <i>Tribune</i>	"
You speak a' th' people, as if you were a <i>God</i>	"
To punish ; Not a man, of their <i>Infirmity</i>	"
Then vale your <i>Ignorance</i>	"
How soon <i>Confusion</i>	"
both <i>Divine</i> and <i>Human</i>	"
Of general <i>Ignorance</i>	"
This deserves <i>Death</i>	"
The <i>Gods</i> forbid	"
I prythee noble friend, home to thy <i>House</i>	"
Or <i>Jove</i> , for's power to <i>Thunder</i> : his <i>Heart's</i>	"
What his <i>Breast</i> forges, that his <i>Tongue</i> must vent	"
He heard the Name of <i>Death</i>	"
Now the good <i>Gods</i> forbid	"
Unknown to the <i>Beginning</i>	"
With <i>Honour</i> , as in <i>War</i>	"
My <i>Fortunes</i> and my <i>Friends</i>	"
I should do so in <i>Honor</i>	"
And by my <i>Body's</i> action, teach my <i>Mind</i>	"
Cog their <i>Hearts</i> from them	"
Th' honor'd <i>Gods</i>	"

	Page
and the Chairs of Justice	64
I am Content	64
As I do pray the Gods	65
Of dreaded Justice	66
I' th' People's name	66
The Gods preserve our Noble Tribunes	67
Common men could bear	68
Resume that Spirit	68
Your Husband so much sweat	68
by the good Gods	69
Th' hoarded plague a' th' Gods	70
you'll Sup with me	71
Our State thinks not so	72
Whose Passions, and whose Plots	73
A goodly House	74
Thon shew'st a Noble Vessel	75
To be full quit of those my Banishers	76
As Benefits to thee	76
Against my Cankred Country, with the Spleen	76
O'recome with Pride	81
We have Record	82
Is all the Policy	85
The Senators and Patricians	86
The Tribunes are no Soldiers	87
A Mile before his Tent	88
My Revenge properly	92
for whose old Love I have	93
Wherein this Trunk was fram'd	93
Hath an Aspect of intercession	94
If I cannot persuade thee	96
Think'st thou it Honourable	97
A Mother less?	98
will have Counter-seal'd	99
the noise that Banish'd Martius	101
We must proceed as we do find the People	102
No more infected with my Country's love	103
Yet he shall have a Noble Memory	106

Lines in Coriolanus containing Words shewing New Emphasis-Capitals which appear in the Second Folio (1632.)

Of their <i>Breath</i> only	Page	38
And the most <i>Noble</i> Mother of the world	,,	94

Lines in Coriolanus containing Words whose Emphasis-Capitals escaped the Editors and Printers of the Third Folio (1664.)

Ere we become <i>Rakes</i>	Page	1
A pretty <i>Tale</i> , it may be you have heard it	,,	3
Rebell'd against the <i>Belly</i>	,,	3
For look you I may make the belly <i>Smile</i>	,,	4
Fore me, this <i>Fellow</i> speaks	,,	4
That I receive the general <i>Food</i> at first	,,	4
Make your selves <i>Scabs</i>	,,	5
Your <i>Virtue</i> is	,,	6
Your <i>Company</i> to th' <i>Capitol</i>	,,	8
They have prest a <i>Power</i>	,,	9
Indeed la, tis a <i>Noble</i> child	,,	12
So, the good <i>Horse</i> is mine	,,	14
please you to <i>March</i>	,,	20
o'er this thy days <i>Work</i>	,,	21
Let him be made an Overture for th' <i>Wars</i>	,,	23
or foil'd some debile <i>Wretch</i>	,,	23
As to us, to all the <i>World</i>	,,	23
Wear this <i>Wars Garland</i>	,,	23
My <i>Noble Steed</i>	,,	23
and <i>Clamour</i> of the <i>Host</i>	,,	23
Have we no <i>Wine</i> here?	,,	24
we shall have <i>News</i> to-night	,,	26
He's a <i>Bear</i> indeed	,,	26
an <i>Interior survey</i> of your good selves	,,	27
Ere in our own house I do shade my <i>Head</i>	,,	31
were a kind of ingrateful <i>Injury</i>	,,	35
He loves your <i>People</i>	,,	36
but your <i>People</i>	,,	36
slew three <i>Opposers</i>	,,	37

(li)

		Page
When he might act the <i>Woman</i> in the <i>Scene</i>	.	37
all <i>Swords</i> of the <i>Garland</i>	.	37
Sir, th' <i>People</i> must have their <i>Voices</i>	.	38
To <i>Coriolanus</i> come all <i>joy</i> and <i>Honor</i>	.	38
we must also tell him our <i>Noble</i> acceptance	.	39
From th' noise of our own <i>Drums</i>	.	40
Oh me the <i>Gods</i>	.	40
make him good friend to the <i>People</i>	.	42
and on a safer <i>Judgement</i>	.	45
That of all things upon the <i>Earth</i>	.	47
Are these your <i>Herd</i> ?	.	48
His absolute <i>Shall</i>	.	50
That with his peremptory <i>Shall</i>	.	50
who puts his <i>Shall</i>	.	50
His popular <i>Shall</i>	.	50
Manifest <i>Treason</i>	.	52
For the whole <i>State</i>	.	59
Honor and Policy, like unsever'd <i>Friends</i>	.	59
If it be <i>Honor</i>	.	59
Nor check my <i>Courage</i>	.	66
With <i>Precepts</i> that would make invincible	.	68
O the <i>Gods</i> !	.	69
Good man, the <i>Wounds</i> that he does	.	71
The <i>Noble</i> knot he made	.	71
The people, against the <i>Senators</i>	.	72
Thou art thence <i>Banish'd</i>	.	77
The leading of thine own <i>Revenge</i> s	.	78
And more a <i>Friend</i>	.	78
for the <i>Defence</i> of a <i>Town</i>	.	78
makes a <i>Mistress</i> of him	.	79
the white o' th' eye to his <i>Discourse</i>	.	79
Or Butchers killing <i>Flies</i>	.	84
and perish constant <i>Fools</i>	.	84
For his best <i>Friends</i>	.	84
But like <i>Beasts</i> , and Cowardly <i>Nobles</i>	.	84
Your <i>Soldiers</i> use him as the <i>Grace</i>	.	86
With Wine and <i>Feeding</i>	.	89
the Virginal <i>Palms</i>	.	91
Are <i>Servanted</i> to others	.	92

All bond and privilege of Nature break	Page	94
That's my brave Boy	„	95

Lines in Coriolanus containing Words showing New Emphasis-Capitals which appear in the Third Folio (1664).

If he would incline to the People	Page	40
loved the Common People	„	41
my sworn Brother the People	„	41
have Plough'd for, sow'd, and scatter'd	„	49
You speak a' th' People	„	49
there the People had more absolute power	„	50
Why shall the People give	„	51
Go call the People	„	52
My first Son	„	69
Come my sweet Wife	„	69
and Boys with Stones	„	73
Should from yond Cloud	„	77
Tis so, and as Wars in some sort	„	80
Were in Wild hurry	„	80
Ourselves, our Wives, and children	„	81
Thrusts forth his horns again into the World	„	82
Of noisome Musty Chaff	„	88
Making the Mother, Wife, and Child to see,	„	96
Doth more than Counterpoize	„	104
Counsel a'th' War	„	104
Cut me to pieces Volces Men and Lads	„	105
He kill'd my Son, my Daughter	„	105

Lines in Coriolanus containing Words whose Emphasis-Capitals escaped the Editors and Printers of the Fourth Folio (1685).

Sir, I shall tell you with a kind of Smile	Page	3
True is it my Incorporate Friends	„	4
Of the whole Body	„	4
From me do back receive the Flour of all	„	5
Yet are they passing Cowardly	„	6
Ere stay behind this Business	„	8
But had he died in the Business, Madam	„	11

					Page	12
How does your little Son	"	16
These base Slaves	"	17
Thy <i>News?</i>	"	20
March on my <i>Fellows</i>	"	21
We thank the Gods	"	22
I have some <i>Wounds</i> upon me	"	22
Well might they fester 'gainst <i>Ingratitude</i>	"	22
We render you the <i>Tenth</i>	"	22
And <i>Wrath</i> o'rewhelm'd my pity	"	24
beg their stinking <i>Breaths</i>	"	33
At some time, when his soaring <i>Insolence</i>	"	33
Some black, some <i>Auburn</i> , some bald	"	39
For <i>Truth</i> to ore-peer	"	42
When he had no Power	"	44
I' th' plain <i>Way</i> of his Merit	"	49
The Senates <i>Courtesy?</i>	"	51
Purpose so barr'd, it follows	"	51
A Noble life, before a Long, and <i>Wish</i>	"	52
In heaps, and piles of <i>Ruin</i>	"	53
Where the <i>Disease</i> is violent	"	54
Like interrupted <i>Waters</i>	"	55
He heard the <i>Name</i> of Death	"	55
So can I name his <i>Faults</i>	"	56
This <i>Viperous Traitor</i>	"	56
These Senators, the Nobles	"	60
Yet were there but this single <i>Plot</i>	"	61
A most inherent <i>Baseness</i>	"	62
Oh <i>Heavens!</i> O <i>Heavens!</i>	"	68
I have seen the <i>Stern</i>	"	68
Mo Noble blows	"	70
Enter Coriolanus in mean Apparel, <i>Disguis'd</i>	"	73
Thou hast a <i>Grim</i> appearance	"	75
I know thee not. Thy <i>Name?</i>	"	75
Great hurt and <i>Mischief</i>	"	76
Hath brought me to thy <i>Hearth</i> , not out of <i>Hope</i>	"	76
My throat to thee, and to thy <i>Ancient Malice</i>	"	76
As hotly, and as <i>Nobly</i> with thy <i>Love</i>	"	77
Pray now, your <i>News</i>	"	83
That shapes man <i>Better</i>	"	83

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Do smilingly <i>Revolt</i>	Page	84
So did we all. But come, let's home	,		85
Whilst with no softer Cushion than the <i>Flint</i>	,		94
and cry be <i>Blest</i>	,		97
Let's make the <i>Best</i> of it	,		106

Lines in Coriolanus containing Words shewing New Emphasis-Capitals which appear in the Fourth Folio (1685).

<i>Martius</i> is chief <i>Enemy</i> to the <i>People</i>	Page	1
the object of our <i>Misery</i> , is as an <i>Inventory</i>	,		1
He's a very <i>Dog</i> to the <i>Commonalty</i>	,		1
You must in no way say he is <i>Covetous</i>	,		2
one that hath always lov'd the <i>People</i>	,		2
poor <i>Suitors</i> have strong <i>Breaths</i>	,		2
we have strong <i>Arms</i> too	,		2
Strike at the Heaven with your <i>Staves</i>	,		2
Your <i>Knees</i> to them (not <i>Arms</i>)	,		3
established against the <i>Rich</i>	,		3
to chain up and restrain the <i>Poor</i>	,		3
I' th' midds't a-th' <i>Body</i>	,		3
Unto the <i>Appetite</i>	,		3
Of the whole <i>Body</i>	,		3
For look you I may make the <i>Belly</i> Smile	,		4
The Kingly <i>Crown'd</i> head, the vigilant <i>Eye</i>	,		4
Should by the Cormorant <i>Belly</i>	,		4
the Rivers of your <i>Blood</i>	,		4
And through the Cranks and Offices of <i>Man</i>	,		4
Thou Rascal, that are worst in <i>Blood</i> to run	,		5
make you ready your stiff <i>Bats</i> and <i>Clubs</i>	,		5
are at the point of <i>Battle</i>	,		5
The one side must have <i>Bail</i>	,		5
you dissentious <i>Rogues</i>	,		5
They'll sit by the <i>Fire</i>	,		6
Side <i>Factions</i> , and give out	,		6
They say there's <i>Grain</i> enough	,		6
Would the Nobility lay aside their <i>Ruth</i>	,		6
With thousands of these quarter'd <i>Slaves</i>	,		6
That Hunger broke <i>Stone</i> walls.	,		6

	Page
that <i>Dogs</i> must eat	6
That <i>Meat</i> was made for <i>Mouths</i>	7
That the <i>Gods</i> sent not	7
And a <i>Petition</i> granted them	7
They threw their <i>Caps</i>	7
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THE TRAGEDY OF CORIOLANUS.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

*Enter a Company of Mutinous Citizens, with Staves,
Clubs, and other weapons.*

1. *Citizen.* Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

1. *Cit.* You are all resolv'd rather to die than to famish?

All. Resolv'd, resolv'd.

1. *Cit.* First you know, *Caius Martius* is chief enemy to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

1. *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have Corn at our own price. Is't a Verdict?

All. No more talking on't; Let it be done, away, away

2. *Cit.* One word, good Citizens.

1. *Cit.* We are accounted poor Citizens, the Patricians good: what Authority surfets one, would relieve us. If they would yield us but the superfluity while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely: But they think we are too dear, the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance, our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our Pikes, ere we become Rakes. For the Gods know, I speak this in hunger for Bread, not in thirst for Revenge.

2. *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against *Caius Martius*.

All. Against him first: He's a very dog to the Commonalty.

2. *Cit.* Consider you what Services he has done for his Country?

1. *Cit.* Very well, and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

All. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1. *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done Famously, he did it to that end: though soft conscienc'd men can be content to say it was for his Country, he did it to please his Mother, and to be partly proud, which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2. *Cit.* What he cannot help in his Nature, you account a Vice in him: You must in no way say he is covetous.

1. *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of Accusations he hath faults (with surplus) to tire in repetition. *Shouts within.* What shouts are these? The other side a'th City is risen: why stay we prating here? To th Capitol.

All. Come, come.

1. *Cit.* Soft, who comes here?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2. *Cit.* Worthy *Menenius Agrippa*, one that hath always lov'd the people.

1. *Cit.* He's one honest enough, would all the rest were so.

Men. What work's my Countrymen in hand?

Where go you with Bats and Clubs? The matter

Speak I pray you.

2. *Cit.* Our business is not unknown to th' Senate, they have had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, which now we'll shew em in deeds: they say poor Suitors have strong breaths, they shall know we have strong arms too.

Menen. Why Masters, my good Friends, mine honest Neighbours, will you undo your selves?

2. *Cit.* We cannot Sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you Friends, most charitable care

Have the Patricians of you for your wants.

Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well

Strike at the Heaven with your staves, as lift them

Against the Roman State, whose course will on

The way it takes: cracking ten thousand Curbs

Of more strong link asunder, than can ever
Appear in your impediment. For the Dearth,
The Gods, not the Patricians make it, and
Your knees to them (not arms) must help. Alack,
You are transported by Calamity
Thither, where more attends you, and you slander
The Helms o'th State; who care for you like Fathers,
When you curse them, as Enemies.

2. *Cit.* Care for us? True indeed, they ne'er car'd for us yet.
Suffer us to famish, and their Store-houses cramm'd with Grain:
Make Edicts for Usury, to support Usurers; repeal daily any
wholesome Act established against the rich, and provide more
piercing Statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If
the Wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love
they bear us.

Menen. Either you must
Confess your selves wondrous Malicious,
Or be accus'd of Folly. I shall tell you
A pretty Tale, it may be you have heard it,
But since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To scale't a little more.

2. *Citizen.* Well,
I'll hear it Sir: yet you must not think
To fob off our disgrace with a tale:
But and't please you deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the bodies members
Rebell'd against the Belly; thus accus'd it:
That only like a Gulf it did remain
I'th midd'st a th'body, idle and unactive,
Still cubboarding the Viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest, where th'other Instruments
Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite; and affection common
Of the whole body, the Belly answer'd.

2. *Cit.* Well sir, what answer made the Belly.

Men. Sir, I shall tell you with a kind of Smile,

Which ne'er came from the Lungs, but even thus:
For look you I may make the belly Smile,
As well as speak, it taintingly replied
To th'discontented Members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt: even so most fitly,
As you malign our Senators, for that
They are not such as you.

2. *Cit.* Your Bellies answer: What
The Kingly crown'd head, the vigilant eye,
The Counsellor Heart, the Arm our Soldier,
Our Steed the Leg, the Tongue our Trumpeter,
With other Muniments and petty helps
In this our Fabric, if that they —

Men. What then? Fore me, this Fellow speaks.
What then? What then?

2. *Cit.* Should by the Cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink a th'body.

Men. Well, what then?
2. *Cit.* The former Agents, if they did complain,
What could the Belly answer?
Men. I will tell you,
If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little)
Patience awhile; you'st hear the Bellies answer.

2. *Cit.* Y'are long about it.
Men. Note me this good Friend;
Your most grave Belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his Accusers, and thus answered.
True is it my Incorporate Friends (quoth he)
That I receive the general Food at first
Which you do live upon: and fit it is,
Because I am the Store-house, and the Shop
Of the whole Body. But, if you do remember,
I send it through the Rivers of your blood
Even to the Court, the Heart, to th'seat o'th'Brain,
And through the Cranks and Offices of man,
The strongest Nerves, and small inferior Veins
From me receive that natural competency

Whereby they live. And though that all at once
(You my good Friends, this says the Belly) mark me.

2. *Cit.* Ay sir, well, well.

Men. Though all at once, cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my Audit up, that all
From me do back receive the Flour of all,
And leave me but the Bran. What say you to't?

2. *Cit.* It was an answer, how apply you this?

Men. The Senators of Rome, are this good Belly,
And you the mutinous Members: For examine
Their Counsels, and their Cares; digest things rightly,
Touching the Weal a'th Common, you shall find
No publique benefit which you receive
But it proceeds, or comes from them to you,
And no way from your selves. What do you think?
You, the great Toe of this Assembly?

2. *Cit.* I the great Toe? Why the great Toe?

Men. For that being one o'th lowest, basest, poorest
Of this most wise Rebellion, thou goest foremost:
Thou Rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage.
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs,
Rome, and her Rats, are at the point of battle,
The one side must have bail.

Enter Caius Martius.

Hail, Noble *Martius*.

Mar. Thanks. What's the matter you dissentious rogues
That rubbing the poor Itch of your Opinion,
Make your selves Scabs.

2. *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, wil flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you Curs,
That like nor Peace, nor War? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you Lions, finds you Hares:

Where Foxes, Geese you are: No surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the Ice,
Or Hailstone in the Sun. Your Virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that Justice did it. Who deserves Greatness,
Deserves your Hate: and your Affections are
A sickmans Appetite; who desires most that
Which would encrease his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of Lead,
And hews down Oaks, with rushes. Hang ye: trust ye?
With every Minute you do change a Mind,
And call him Noble, that was now your Hate:
Him vild, that was your Garland. What's the matter,
That in these several places of the City,
You cry against the Noble Senate, who
(Under the Gods) keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another? What's their seeking?

Men. For Corn at their own rates, wheroft they say
The City is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em: They say?
They'll sit by th'fire, and presume to know
What's done i'th Capitol: Who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines: Side factions, and give out
Conjectural Marriages, making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobbled Shoes. They say ther's grain enough?
Would the Nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my Sword, I'd make a Quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick my Lance.

Menen. Nay these are almost thoroughly persuaded:
For though abundantly they lack discretion
Yet are they passing Cowardly. But I beseech you,
What says the other Troop?

Mar. They are dissolv'd: Hang em;
They said they were an hungry, sigh'd forth Proverbs
That Hunger-broke stone walls: that dogs must eat

That meat was made for mouths. That the gods sent not
 Corn for the Richmen only: With these shreds
 They vented their Complainings, which being answer'd
 And a petition granted them, a strange one,
 To break the heart of generosity,
 And make bold power look pale, they threw their caps
 As they would hang them on the horns a'th Moon.
 Shouting their Emulation.

Menen. What is granted them?

Mar. Five Tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms
 Of their own choice. One's *Junius Brutus*,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not. Sdeath,
 The rabble should have first unroo'ft the City
 Ere so prevail'd with me; it will in tinie
 Win upon power, and throw forth greater Themes
 For Insurrections arguing.

Menen. This is strange.

Mar. Go get you home you Fragments.

Enter a Messenger hastily.

Mess. Where's *Caius Martius*?

Mar. Here: what's the matter?

Mes. The news is sir, the Volcies are in Arms.

Mar. I am glad on't, then we shall ha means to vent
 Our musty superfluity. See our best Elders.

Enter Sicinius Velutus, Annus Brutus Cominisu, Titus Lartius,
with other Senators.

1. *Sen. Martius* 'tis true, that you have lately told us,
 The Volcies are in Arms.

Mar. They have a Leader,
Tullus Aufidius that will put you to't:
 I sin in envying his Nobility:
 And were I any thing but what I am,
 I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together?

Mar. Were half to half the world by th'ears, and he

upon my party, I'd revolt to make
Only my wars with him. He is a Lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1. Sen. Then worthy *Martius*,
Attend upon *Cominius* to these Wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir it is,

And I am constant: *Titus Lucius*, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at *Tullus* face.
What art thou stiff? Stand'st out?

Tit. No *Caius Martius*,
I'll lean upon one Crutch, and fight with tother,
Ere stay behind this Business.

Mar. Oh true-bred.

Sen. Your Company to'th' Capitol, where I know
Our greatest Friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on: Follow *Cominius*, we must follow
you, right worthy you Priority.

Com. Noble *Martius*.

Sen. Hence to your homes, be gone.

Mar. Nay let them follow,
The Volces have much Corn: take these Rats thither
To gnaw their Garners. Worshipful Mutiners,
Your valour puts well forth: Pray follow.

Exeunt

Citizens steal away. Manet Siccina and Brutus.

Siccina. Was ever man so proud as is this *Martius*?

Bru. He has no equal.

Siccina. When we were chosen Tribunes for the people.

Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes.

Siccina. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the Gods.

Siccina. Bemock the modest Moon.

Bru. The present Wars devour him, he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

Siccina. Such a Nature, tickled with good success, despairs t
shadow which he treads on at noon, but I do wonder, his

insolence can brook to be commanded under *Cominius*?

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he's well grac'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd than by
A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the Generals fault, though he perform
To th'utmost of a man, and giddy censure
Will then cry out of *Martius*: Oh, if he
Had borne the business.

Sicin. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion that so sticks on *Martius*, shall
Of his demerits rob *Cominius*.

Bru. Come: half all *Cominius* Honours are to *Martius*
Though *Martius* earn'd them not: and all his faults
To *Martius* shall be Honours, though indeed
In ought he merit not.

Sicin. Let's hence, and hear
How the despatch is made, and in what fashion
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present Action.

Bru. Let's along.

Exeunt

Enter Tullus Aufidius with Senators of Coriolanus.

1. *Sen.* So, your opinion is *Aufidius*,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our Counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever have been thought on in this State
That could be brought to bodily act, ere Rome
Had circumvention: 'tis not four days gone
Since I heard thence, these are the words, I think
I have the Letter here: yes, here it is;
They have prest a Power, but it is not known
Whether for East or West: the Dearth is great,
The people Mutinous: And it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Martius your old Enemy
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you)

And *Titus Lartius*, a most valiant Roman,
 These three lead on this Preparation
 Whither 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:
 Consider of it.

1. *Sen.* Our Army's in the Field:
 We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
 To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
 To keep your great pretences vail'd, till when
 They needs must shew themselves, which in the hatching
 It seem'd appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
 We shall be shorten'd in our aim, which was
 To take in many Towns, ere (almost) Rome
 Should know we were a-foot.

2. *Sen.* Noble *Auffidius*,
 Take your Commission, hie you to your Bands,
 Let us alone to guard *Corioles*
 If they set down before's: for the remove
 Bring up your Army: but (I think) you'll find
 Th'have not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O doubt not that,
 I speak from Certainties. Nay more,
 Some parcels of their Power are forth already,
 And only hitherward. I leave your Honours.
 If we, and *Caius Martius* chance to meet,
 'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
 Till one can do no more.

All. The Gods assist you.

Auf. And keep your Honours safe.

1. *Sen.* Farewell.

2. *Sen.* Farewell.

All. Farewell.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Volumnia and Virgilia, mother and wife to Martius:
They set them down on two low stools and sew.

Volum. I pray you daughter sing, or express your self in a
 more comfortable sort: If my Son were my Husband, I should

freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won Honour, than in the embracements of his Bed, where he would shew most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only Son of my womb; when youth with comeliness pluck'd all gaze his way; when for a day of Kings entreaties, a Mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I considering how Honour would become such a person, that it was no better than Picture-like to hang by th'wall, if renown made it not stir, was pleas'd to let him seek danger, where he was like to find fame: To a cruel War I sent him, from whence he return'd, his brows bound with Oak. I tell thee Daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a Man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Virg. But had he died in the Business Madam, how then?

Volum. Then his good report should have been my Son, I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely, had I a dozen sons each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine, and my good *Martius*, I had rather had eleven die Nobly for their Country, than one voluptuously surfeited out of Action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady *Valeria* is come to visit you.

Virg. Beseech you give me leave to retire my self.

Volum. Indeed you shall not:

Me thinks, I hear hither your Husbands Drum:

See him pluck *Auffidius* down by th'hair:

(As children from a Bear) the *Volces* shunning him:

Me thinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus,

Come on you Cowards, you were got in fear

Though you were born in Rome; his bloody brow

With his mail'd hand, then wiping, forth he goes

Like to a Harvest man, that task'd to mow

Or all, or loose his hire.

Virg. His bloody Brow? Oh Jupiter, no blood.

Volum. Away you Fool; it more becomes a man
Than gilt his Trophy. The breasts of *Hecuba*

When she did suckle *Hector*, look'd not lovelier
Than *Hectors* forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian sword. *Contenning*, tell *Valeria*
We are fit to bid her welcome,

Exit Gent.

Vir. Heavens bless my Lord from fell *Auffidius*.

Vol. He'll beat *Auffidius* head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Enter Valeria with an Usher, and a Gentlewoman.

Val. My Ladies both good day to you.

Vol. Sweet Madam.

Vir. I am glad to see your Ladyship.

Val. How do you both? You are manifest house-keepers.
What are you sewing here? A fine spot in good faith. How
does your little Son?

Vir. I thank your Lady-ship: Well good Madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a Drum, than
look upon his Schoolmaster.

Val. A my word the Fathers Son: I'll swear 'tis a very
pretty boy. A my troth, I look'd upon him a Wensday half
an hour together: ha's such a confirm'd countenance. I saw
him run after a gilded Butterfly, and when he caught it, he let
it go again, and after it again, and over and over he comes,
and up again: catcht it again: or whether his fall enrag'd him,
or how twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it. Oh, I warrant
how he mammockt it.

Vol. One on's Fathers moods.

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a Noble child.

Virg. A Crack Madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery, I must have you play
the idle Huswife with me this afternoon.

Virg. No (good Madam)

I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors?

Volum. She shall, she shall.

Virg. Indeed no, by your patience; I'll not over the thres-
hold, till my Lord return from the Wars.

Val. Fie, you confine your self most unreasonably:
Come, you must go visit the good Lady that lies in.

Virg. I will with her speedy strength, and visit her with my
prayers: but I cannot go thither.

Volum. Why I pray you.

Vlug. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another *Penelope*: yet they say, all the
yarn she spun in *Ulysses* absence, did but fill *Athica* full of
Moths: Come, I would your Cambric were sensible as your
finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come you
shall go with us.

Vir. No good Madam, pardon me, indeed I will not forth.

Val. In truth la go with me, and I'll tell you excellent news
of your Husband.

Virg. Oh good Madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily I do not jest with you: there came news from
him last night.

Vir. Indeed Madam.

Val. In earnest it's true; I heard a Senator speak it. Thus
it is: the Volcies have an Army forth, against whom *Cominius*
the General is gone, with one part of our Roman power. Your
Lord, and *Titus Lartius*, are set down before their City *Carioles*,
they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief Wars.
This is true on mine Honour, and so I pray go with us.

Virg. Give me excuse good Madam, I will obey you in
every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone Lady, as she is now:
She will but disease our better mirth.

Valeria. In troth I think she would:
Fare you well then. Come good sweet Lady.
Prithee *Virgilia* turn thy solemnness out a door,
And go along with us.

Virgil. No
At a word Madam; Indeed I must not,
I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell,

Exeunt Ladies

Enter Martius, Titus Lartius, with Drum and Colours, with Captains and Soldiers, as before the City Corialus: to them a Messenger.

Martius. Yonder comes News:

A Wager they have met.

Lar. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, ha's our General met the Enemy?

Mess. They lie in view, but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good Horse is mine.

Mart. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll nor sell, nor give him: Lend you him I will
For half a hundred years: Summon the Town.

Mar. How far off lie these Armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their Larum, and they Ours.
Now Mars, I prithee make us quick in work,
That we with smoking swords may march from hence
To help our fielded Friends. Come, blow thy blast.

They Sound a Parley: Enter two Senators with others on the Walls of Corialus.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your Walls?

1. *Senat.* No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That's lesser than a little: *Drum afar off.*

Hark, our Drums

Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break our Walls
Rather than they shall pound us up our Gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pin'd with Rushes,
They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off

Alarum far off.

There is *Aufidius.* List what work he makes
Amongst your cloven Army.

Mart. Oh they are at it.

Lart. Their noise be our instruction. Ladders hoa,

Enter the Army of the Volces.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their City.
 Now put your Shields before your hearts, and fight
 With hearts more proof than Shields.
Advance brave *Titus*,
 They do disdain us much beyond our Thoughts,
 which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on my fellows
 He that retires, I'll take him for a *Volce*,
 And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum, the Romans are beat back to their Trenches

Enter Martius Cursing.

Mar. All the contagion of the South, light on you,
 You Shames of Rome: you Herd of Biles and Plagues
 Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhor'd
 Farther than seen, and one infect another
 Against the Wind a mile: you souls of Geese,
 That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
 From Slaves, that Apes would beat; *Pluto* and *Hell*,
 All hurt behind, backs red, and faces pale
 With flight and agued fear, mend and charge home,
 Or by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the Foe,
 And make my Wars on you: Look to't: Come on,
 If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their Wives,
 As they us to our Trenches follows.

Another Alarum, and Martius follows them to gates,
and is shut in.

So, now the gates are ope: now prove good Seconds,
 'Tis for the followers Fortune, widens them,
 Not for the flyers: Mark me, and do the like.

Enter the Gati.

1. *Sol.* Fool-hardiness, not I.
 2. *Sol.* Nor I.
 1. *Sol.* See they have shut him in,
- All.* To th'pot I warrant him.

Alarum continues

Enter Titus Lartius

Tit. What is become of *Martius*?

All. Slain (Sir) doubtless.

1. *Sol.* Following the Flyers at the very heels,
With them he enters: who upon the sudden
Clapt to their Gates, he is himself alone,
To answer all the City.

Lar. Oh Noble Fellow!

Who sensibly out-dares his senceless Sword,
And when it bows, stand'st up: Thou art left *Martius*,
A Carbuncle entire: as big as thou art
Weare not so rich a Jewel. Thou was't a Soldier
Even to *Calues* wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes, but with thy grim looks, and
The Thunder-like percussion of thy sounds
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the World
Were Feverous, and did tremble.

Enter Martius bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy.

1. *Sol.* Look Sir.

Lar. O 'tis *Martius*.

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

They fight, and all enter the City.

Enter certain Romans with spoils.

1. *Rom.* This will I carry to *Rome*.

2. *Rom.* And I this.

3. *Rom.* A Murrain on't, I took this for Silver. *exeunt.*

Alarum continues still a-far off.

Enter Martius, and Titus with a Trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their hours
At a crack'd Drachm: Cushions, Leaden Spoons,
Irons of a Doit, Dublets that Hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them. These base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up, down with them.

And hark, what noise the General makes: To him
There is the man of my souls hate, *Auffidious*,
Piercing our Romans: Then Valiant *Titus* take
Convenient Numbers to make good the City,
Whil'st I with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help *Cominius*.

Lar. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'st,
Thy exercise hath been too violent,
For a second course of Fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not:
My work hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well:
The blood I drop, is rather Physical
Than dangerous to me: To *Auffidious* thus, I will appear

Lar. Now the fair Goddess Fortune, (and fight.
Fall deep in love with thee, and her great charms
Misguide thy Opposers swords, Bold Gentleman:
Prosperity be thy Page.

Mar. Thy Friend no less,
Than those she placeth highest: So farewell.

Lar. Thou worthiest *Martius*,
Go sound thy Trumpet in the Market place,
Call thither all the Officers a'th'Town,
Where they shall know our mind. Away. *Exeunt*

Enter Cominius as it were in retire, with soldiers.

Com. Breathe you my friends, well fought, we are come
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands, (off,
Nor Cowardly in retire: Believe me Sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. While we have strook
By Interims and conveying gusts, we have heard
The Charges of our Friends. The Roman Gods,
Lead their successes, as we wish our own,
That both our powers, with smiling Fronts encountring.
May give you thankful Sacrifice. Thy News?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Cittizens of Corioles have issued,

And given to *Lartius* and to *Martius* Battle:
I saw our party to their Trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speakest truth,
Me thinks thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

Mes. Above an hour, my Lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile: briefly we heard their drums,
How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy News so late?

Mes. Spies of the *Volces*
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about, else had I sir
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter Martius.

Com. Who's yonder,
That doe's appear as he were Flay'd? O Gods,
He has the stamp of *Martius*, and I have
Before time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The Shepherd knows not Thunder from a Tabor,
More than I know the sound of *Martius* Tongue
From every meaner man.

Martius. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mart. Oh! let me clip ye
In Arms as sound, as when I woo'd in heart;
As merry, as when our Nuptial day was done,
And Tapers burnt to Bedward.

Com. Flower of Warriors, how is't with *Titus Lartius*?

Mar. As with a man busied about Decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile,
Ransoming him, or pitying, threat'ning th'other;
Holding *Corioles* in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning Grey-hound in the Leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that Slave
Which told me they had beat you to your Trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: but for our Gentlemen,
The common file, (a plague Tribunes for them)
The Mouse ne'er shunn'd the Cat, as they did budge
From Rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell, I do not think:
Where is the enemy? Are you Lords a'th Field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. *Martius*, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their Battle? Know you on which side
They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess *Martius*,
Their Bands i'th Vaward are the Antients
Of their best trust: O'er them *Auffidous*,
Their very heart of Hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the Battles wherein we have fought,
By th'Blood we have shed together,
By th'Vows we have made
To endure Friends, that you directly set me
Against *Affidous*, and his *Antias*,
And that you not delay the present (but
Filling the air with Swords advanc'd) and Darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish,
You were conducted to a gentle Bath,
And Balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking, take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing; if any such be here,
(As it were sin to doubt) that love this painting

Wherein you see me smear'd, if any fear
 Lessen his person, than an ill report:
 If any think, brave death out-weighs bad life,
 And that his Country's dearer than himself,
 Let him alone: Or so many so minded,
 Wave thus to express his disposition,
 And follow *Martius*.

*They all shout and wave their swords, take him up
 in their Arms, and cast up their Caps.*

Oh me alone, make you a sword of me:
 If these shews be not outward, which of you
 But is four *Volces*? None of you, but is
 Able to bear against the great *Auffidious*
 A Shield, as hard as his. A certain number
 (Though thanks to all) must I select from all:
 The rest shall bear the business in some other fight
 (As cause will be obey'd:) please you to March,
 And four shall quickly draw out my Command,
 Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on my Fellows:
 Make good this ostentation, and you shall
 Divide in all, with us.

Exeunt

*Titus Lartius, having set a guard over Carioles, going with
 Drum and Trumpet toward Cominius, and Caius Martius,
 Enters with a Lieutenant, other Soldiers, and a Scout.*

Lar. So, let the Ports be guarded; keep your Duties
 As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch
 Those Centuries to our aid, the rest will serve
 For a short holding, if we lose the Field,
 We cannot keep the Town.

Lieu. Fear not our care Sir.

Lart. Hence; and shut your gates upon's:
 Our Guider come, to th'Roman Camp conduct us. *Exit*
Alarum, as in Battle.

Enter Martius, and Auffidius at several doors.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee
Worse than a Promise-breaker.

Auffid. We hate alike:
Not Afric owns a Serpent I abhor
More than thy Fame and Envy: Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first Budger die the others Slave,
And the Gods doom him after.

Auf. If I fly *Martius*, hollow me like a Hare.
Mar. Within these three hours *Tullus*

Alone I fought in your *Corioles* walls,
And made what work I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou seest me maskt, for thy Revenge
Wrench up thy power to th'highest.

Auf. Wer't thou the *Hector*,
That was the whip of your bragg'd Progeny,
Thou should'st not scape me here.

Here they fight, and certain Voices come in the aid of Aufi.

Martius fights till they be driven in breathless.
Officious and not valiant, you have sham'd me
In your condemned Seconds.

Flourish. Alarum. A Retreat is sounded. Enter at one Door Cominius, with the Romans: At another Door Martius, with his Arm in a Scarf.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy days Work,
Thou't not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
Where Senators shall mingle tears with smiles,
Where great Patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I'th'end admire: where Ladies shall be frightened,
And gladly quak'd, hear more: where the dull Tribunes,
That with the fusty Plebeians, hate thine Honours,
Shall say against their hearts, We thank the Gods
Our Rome hath such a Soldier.
Yet cam'st thou to a Morsel of this Feast
Having fully din'd before.

Enter Titus with his Power, from the Pursuit.

Titus Lartius. Oh General:
Here is the Steed, we the Caparison:
Hadst thou beheld —

Martius. Pray now, no more:
My Mother, who ha's a Charter to extol her Blood,
When she do's praise me, grieves me:
I have done as you have done, that's what I can,
Induc'd as you have been, that's for my Country:
He that ha's but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine Act.

Com. You shall not be the Grave of your deserving,
Rome must know the value of her own:
'Twere a Concealment worse than a Theft,
No less than a Traducement,
To hide your doings, and to silence that,
Which to the spire, and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest: therefore I beseech you,
In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done, before our Army hear me.

Martius. I have some Wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not:
Well might they fester 'gainst Ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death: of all the Horses,
Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store of all,
The Treasure in this field achieved, and City,
We render you the Tenth, to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution,
At your only choice.

Martius. I thank you General:
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A Bribe, to pay my Sword: I do refuse it,
And stand upon my common part with those,
That have beheld the doing.

A long flourish. They all cry, Martius, Martius, cast up their Caps and Lances: Cominius and Lartius stand bare.

Mar. May these same Instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more: when Drums and Trumpets shall
I'th'field prove flatterers, let Courts and Cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing:
When Steel grows soft, as the Parasites Silk,
Let him be made an Overture for th'Wars:
No more I say, for that I have not wash'd
My Nose that bled, or foil'd some debile Wretch,
Which without note, here's many else have done,
You shout me forth in acclamations hyperbolical,
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
In praises, sauc'st with Lies.

Com. Too modest are you:
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us, that give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainst your self you be incens'd, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm) in Manacles,
Then reason safely with you: Therefore be it known,
As to us, to all the World, That *Caius Martius*
Wears this Wars Garland: in token of the which,
My Noble Steed, known to the Camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and from this time,
For what he did before *Corioles*, call him,
With all th'applause and Clamour of the Host,
Marcus Caius Coriolanus. Bear th'addition Nobly ever?

Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.

Omnes. Marcus Caius Coriolanus.

Martius. I will go wash:
And when my Face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no: howbeit, I thank you,
I mean to stride your Steed, and at all times
To under-crest your good Addition,
To th'fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our Tent:

Where ere we do repose us, we will write
 To Rome of our success: you *Titus Lartius*
 Must to *Corioles* back, send us to Rome
 The best, with whom we may articulate,
 For their own good, and ours.

Lartius. I shall, my Lord.

Martius. The Gods begin to mock me:
 I that now refus'd most Princeely gifts,
 Am bound to beg of my Lord General.

Com. Tak't, 'tis yours: what is't?

Martius. I sometime lay here in *Corioles*,
 At a poor mans house: he us'd me kindly,
 He cry'd to me: I saw him Prisoner:
 But then *Auffidius* was within my view,
 And Wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
 To give my poor Host freedom.

Com. Oh well begg'd:
 Were he the Butcher of my Son, he should
 Be free, as is the Wind: deliver him, *Titus*.

Lartius. *Martius*, his Name.

Martius. By *Jupiter* forgot:
 I am weary, yea, my memory is tir'd:
 Have we no Wine here?

Com. Go we to our Tent:
 The blood upon your Visage dries, 'tis time
 It should be lookt to: come.

Exeunt.

A flourish. *Cornets.* Enter *Tullus Auffidius* bloody, with two
 or three Soldiers.

Auffi. The Town is ta'en.

Sold. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good Condition.

Auffid. Condition?

I would I were a Roman, for I cannot,
 Being a *Volce*, be that I am. Condition?
 What good Condition can a Treaty find
 I' th' part that is at mercy? five times, *Martius*,
 I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me:

And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat. By th'Elements.
If ere again I meet him beard to beard,
He's mine, or I am his: Mine Emulation
Hath not that Honour in't it had: For where
I thought to crush him in an equal Force,
True Sword to Sword: I'll potch at him some way,
Or Wrath, or Craft may get him.

Sol. He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle: my valours poison'd,
With only suff'ring stain by him: for him
Shall fly out of it self, nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick; nor Fane, nor Capitol,
The Prayers of Priests, nor times of Sacrifice:
Embarquements all of Fury, shall lift up
Their rotten Privilege, and Custom 'gainst
My hate to *Martius*. Where I find him, were it
At home, upon my Brothers Guard, even there
Against the hospitable Canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to th'City,
Learn how 'tis held, and what they are that must
Be Hostages for Rome.

Sol. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the Cyprus grove. I pray you
('Tis South the City Mills) bring me word thither
How the world goes: that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

Sol. I shall sir.

Actus Secundus.

*Enter Menenius, with the two Tribunes of the people, Sicinius
and Brutus*

Men. The Agurer tells me, we shall have News to night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they
love not *Martius*.

Sicin. Nature teaches Beasts to know their Friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the Wolf love?

Sicin. The Lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him, as the hungry Plebeians would the
Noble *Martius*.

Bru. He's a Lamb indeed, that baes like a Bear.

Men. He's a Bear indeed, that lives like a Lamb. You two
are old men, tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both. Well sir.

Men. In what enormity is *Martius* poor in, that you two
have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd withall.

Sicin. Especially in Pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know, how you are
censured here in the City, I mean of us a'th'right hand File, do
you?

Both. Why? ho ware we censur'd?

Men. Because you talk of Pride now, will you not be angry.

Both. Well, well sir, well.

Men. Why 'tis no great matter: for a very little thief of
Occasion, will rob you of a great deal of Patience: Give your
dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures (at the
least) if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so: you
blame *Martius* for being proud.

Brut. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone, for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too Infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of Pride: Oh, that you could turn your eyes toward the Napes of your necks, and make but an Interior survey of your good selves. Oh that you could.

Both. What then sir?

Men. Why then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy Magistrates (alias Fools) as any in Rome.

Sicin. *Menenius,* you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous *Patritian*, and one that loves a cup of hot Wine, with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't: Said, to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint, hasty and Tinder-like upon, too trivial motion: One, that converses more with the Buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such Weales men as you are (I cannot call you *Lycurgusses*,) if the drink you give me, touch my Palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it, I can say, your Worships have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the Ass in compound, with the Major part of your syllables. And though I must be content to bear with those, that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly, that tell you have good faces, if you see this in the Map of my Microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? What harm can your besom Conspectuities glean out of this Character, if I be known well enough too.

Bru. Come sir come, we know you well enough.

Menen. You know neither me, your selves, nor any thing: you are ambitious, for poor knaves caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome Forenoon, in hearing a cause between a Orange wife, and a Forset-seller, and then rejourn the Controversy of three-pence to a second day of Audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the Colic, you make faces like Mummers, set up the bloody Flag against all Patience, and in roaring for

a Chamber-pot, dismiss the Controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: All the peace you make in their Cause, is calling both the parties Knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the Table, than a necessary Bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very Priests must become Mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous Subjects as you are, when you speak best unto the purpose. It is not worth the wagging of your Beards, and your Beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a Botchers Cushion, or to be entomb'd in an Asses Pack-saddle; yet you must be saying, *Martius* is proud: who in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since *Deucalion*, though peradventure some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. Godden to your Worships, more of your conversation would infect my Brain, being the Herdsmen of the Beastly Plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

Bru. and Scic.

Aside.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria.

How now (my as fair as Noble) Ladies, and the Moon were she Earthly, no Nobler; whither do you follow your Eyes so fast?

Volum. Honourable *Menenius*, my Boy *Martius* approaches: for the love of *Juno* let's go.

Menen. Ha? *Martius* comming home?

Volum. Ay, worthy *Menenius*, and with most prosperous approbation.

Menen. Take my Cap *Jupiter*, and I thank thee: hoo, *Martius* comming home?

2. *Ladies.* Nay, 'tis true.

Volum. Look, here's a Letter from him, the State hath another, his Wife another, and (I think) there's one at home for you.

Menen. I will make my very house reel to night:
A Letter for me?

Virgil. Yes certain, there's a Letter for you, I saw't.

Menen. A Letter for me? it gives me an Estate of seven years health; in which time, I will make a Lip at the Physician: The most sovereign Prescription in *Galen*, is but Empiricutick; and to this Preservative, of no better report than a Horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded?

Virgil. Oh no, no, no.

Volum. Oh, he is wounded, I thank the Gods for't.

Menen. So do I too, if it be not too much: brings a Victory in his Pocket? the wounds become him.

Volum. On's Brows: *Menenius*, he comes the third time home with the Oaken Garland.

Menen. Ha's he disciplin'd *Auffidius* soundly?

Volum. *Titus Lartius* writes, they fought together, but *Auffidius* got off.

Menen. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: and he had stay'd by him, I would not have been so fiddious'd, for all the Chests in Carioles, and the Gold that's in them. Is the Senate possest of this?

Volum. Good Ladies let's go. Yes, yes, yes: The Senate ha's Letters from the General, wherein he gives my Son the whole Name of the War: he hath in this action out-done his former deeds doubly.

Valer. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Menen. Wondrous: Ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Virgil. The Gods grant them true.

Volum. True? pow waw.

Mene. True? I'll be sworn they are true: where is he wounded, God save your good Worships? *Martius* is comming home: he ha's more cause to be proud: where is he wounded?

Volum. Ith'Shoulder, and ith'left Arm: there will be large Cicatrices to shew the People, when he shall stand for his place: he received in the repulse of *Turquin* seven hurts ith'Body.

Mene. One ith'Neck, and two ith'Thigh, there's nine that I know.

Volum. He had, before this last Expedition, twenty five Wounds upon him.

Mene. Now it's twenty seven; every gash was an Enemies Grave. Hark, the Trumpets.

A shout, and flourish.

Volum. These are the Ushers of *Martius*: Before him, he carries Noise; And behind him, he leaves Tears: Death, that dark Spirit, in's nervy Arm doth lie, Which being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

A Sennet. *Trumpets sound.*

Enter Cominius the General, and Titus Latus: between them Coriolanus, crown'd with an Oaken Garland, with Captains and Soldiers, and a Herald.

Herald. Know Rome, that all alone *Martius* did fight Within Corioles Gates: where he hath won, With Fame, a Name to *Martius Caius*: These in honour follows *Martius Caius Coriolanus*. Welcome to Rome, renowned *Coriolanus*.

Sound. *Flourish.*

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned *Coriolanus*.

Coriol. No more of this, it does offend my heart: pray now no more.

Com. Look, Sir, your Mother.

Coriol. Oh! you have, I know, petition'd all the Gods for my prosperity. *Kneels.*

Volum. Nay, my good Soldier, up: My gentle *Martius*, worthy *Caius*, And by deed-achieving Honour newly nam'd, What is it (*Coriolanus*) must I call thee? But oh, thy Wife.

Corio. My gracious silence, hail: Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come Coffin'd home, That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah my dear, Such eyes the Widows in Corioles were, And Mothers that lack Sons.

Mene. Now the Gods Crown thee.

Com. And live you yet? Oh my sweet Lady, pardon.

Volum. I know not where to turn.

Oh welcome home: and welcome General,
And y'are welcome all.

Mene. A hundred thousand Welcomes:

I could weep, and I could laugh,
I am light, and heavy; welcome:
A Curse begin at very root on's heart,
That is not glad to see thee.

You are three, that Rome should dote on:
Yet by the faith of men, we have
Some old Crab-trees here at home,
That will not be grafted to your Relish.

Yet welcome Warriors:

We call a Nettle, but a Nettle;
And the faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Herald. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your Hand, and yours?

Ere in our own house I do shade my Head,
The good Patricians must be visited,
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them, change of Honours.

Volum. I have lived,
To see inherited my very Wishes,
And the Buildings of my Fancy:
Only there's one thing wanting,
Which (I doubt not) but our Rome
Will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good Mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitall.

Flourish. Cornets.

Exeunt in State, as before.

Enter Brutus and Scicinius.

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him. Your prattling Nurse
Into a rapture lets her Baby cry,
While she chats him: the Kitchen *Malkin* pins
Her richest Lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambring the Walls to eye him:
Stalls, Bulks, Windows, are smother'd up,
Leads fill'd, and Ridges hors'd
With variable Complexions; all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: sold-shown Flamens
Do press among the popular Throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station: our veil'd Dames
Commit the War of White and Damask
In their nicely gawded Cheeks, to th'wanton spoil
Of *Phæbus* burning Kisses: such a pother,
As if that whatsoever God, who leads him,
Were slyly crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Scicin. On the sudden, I warrant him Consul.

Brutus. Then our Office may, during his power, go sleep.

Scicin. He cannot temp'rately transport his Honours,
From where he should begin, and end, but will
Lose those he hath won.

Brutus. In that there's comfort.

Scici. Doubt not,

The Commoners, for whom we stand, but they
Upon their ancient malice, will forget
With the least cause, these his new Honours,
Which that he will give them, make I as little question,
As he is proud to do't.

Brutus. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for Consul, never would he
Appear i'th'Market place, nor on him put
The Napless Vesture of Humility,
Nor shewing (as the manner is) his Wounds

Toth' People, beg their stinking Breaths.

Scicin. 'Tis right.

Brutus. It was his word:

Oh he would miss it, rather than carry it,

But by the suit of the Gentry to him,

And the desire of the Nobles.

Scicin. I wish no better, than have him hold that purpose,
and to put it in execution.

Brutus. 'Tis most like he will.

Scicin. It shall be to him then, as our good wills; a sure
destruction.

Brutus. So it must fall out
To him, or our Authorities, for an end.
We must suggest the People, in what hatred
He still hath held them: that to's power he would
Have made them Mules, silenc'd their Pleaders,
And dispropertied their Freedoms; holding them,
In human Action, and Capacity,
Of no more Soul, nor fitness for the World,
Than Camels in their War, who have their Provand
Only for bearing Burthens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Scicin. This (as you say) suggested,
At some time, when his soaring Insolence
Shall teach the People, which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't, and that's as easy,
As to set Dogs on Sheep, will be his fire
To kindle their dry Stubble: and their Blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Brutus. What's the matter?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol:

'Tis thought, that *Martius* shall be Consul:

I have seen the dumb men throng to see him,

And the blind to hear him speak: Matrons flung Gloves,

Ladies and Maids their Scarfs, and Handkerchers,

Upon him as he pass'd: the Nobles bended
As to *Joves* Statue, and the Commons made
A Shower, and Thunder, with their Caps, and Shouts:
I never saw the like.

Brutus. Let's to the Capitol,
And carry with us Ears and Eyes for th'time,
But Hearts for the event.

Scicin. Have with you.

Exeunt.

Enter two Officers, to lay Cushions, as it were, in the Capitol.

1. *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here: how many stand for Consulships?

2. *Off.* Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every one, *Coriolanus* will carry it.

1. *Off.* That's a brave fellow: but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2. *Off.* Faith, there hath been many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for *Coriolanus* neither to care whether they love, or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he ha's in their disposition, and out of his Noble carelessness let's them plainly see't.

1. *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, he waved indifferently, 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm: but he seeks their hate with greater devotion, than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him their opposite. Now to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the People, is as bad, as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2. *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his Country, and his assent is not by such easy degrees as those, who having been supple and courteous to the People, Bonneted, without any further deed, to have them at all into their estimation, and report: but he hath so planted his Honours in their Eyes, and his actions in their Hearts, that for their Tongues to be silent,

and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful Injury: to report otherwise, were a Malice, that giving it self the Lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every Ear that heard it.

1. *Off.* No more of him, he's a worthy man: make way, they are comming.

A Sennet. Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the People, Lictors before them: Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius the Consul: Scicinius and Brutus take their places by themselves: Coriolanus stands.

Menen. Having determin'd of the Volces,
And to send for *Titus Lartius*: it remains,
As the main Point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his Noble service, that hath
Thus stood for his Country. Therefore please you,
Most reverend and grave Elders, to desire
The present Consul, and last General,
In our well-found Successes, to report
A little of that worthy Work, perform'd
By *Martius Caius Coriolanus*: whom
We met here, both to thank, and to remember,
With Honours like himself.

1. *Sen.* Speak, good *Cominius*:
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think
Rather our states defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out. Masters a'th'People,
We do request your kindest ears: and after
Your loving motion toward the common Body,
To yield what passes here.

Scicin. We are convented upon a pleasing Treaty, and have hearts inclinable to honour and advance the Theme of our Assembly.

Brutus. Which the rather we shall be blest to do, if he remember a kinder value of the People, than he hath hereto priz'd them at.

Menen. That's off, that's off: I would you rather had been silent: Please you to hear *Cominius* speak?

Brutus. Most willingly: but yet my Caution was more pertinent than the rebuke you give it.

Menen. He loves your People, but tie him not to be their Bed-fellow: Worthy *Cominius* speak.

Coriolanus rises, and offers to go away.

Nay, keep your place.

Senat. Sit *Coriolanus*: never shame to hear What you have Nobly done.

Coriol. Your Honours pardon: I had rather have my Wounds to heal again, Than hear say how I got them.

Brutus. Sir, I hope my words dis-bench'd you not?

Coriol. No Sir: yet oft, When blows have made me stay, I fled from words. You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: but your People, I love them as they weigh—

Menen. Pray now sit down.

Corio. I had rather have one scratch my Head i'th'Sun, When the Alarum were struck, than idly sit To hear my Nothings monster'd.

Exit Coriolanus

Menen. Masters of the People, Your multiplying Spawn, how can he flatter? That's thousand to one good one, when you now see He had rather venture all his Limbs for Honour, Than on ones Ears to hear it. Proceed *Cominius*.

Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of *Coriolanus* Should not be utter'd feebly: it is held, That Valour is the chiefest Virtue, And most dignifies the haver: if it be, The man I speak of, cannot in the World Be singly counter-pois'd. At sixteen years, When *Tarquin* made a Head for Rome, he fought Beyond the mark of others: our then Dictator, Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight, When with his Amazonian Shin he drove The bristled Lips before him: he bestrid An o'er-prest Roman, and i'th'Consuls view

Slew three Opposers: *Tarquins* self he met,
And struck him on his Knee: in that days feats,
When he might act the Woman in the Scene,
He prov'd best man i'th'field, and for his meed
Was Brow-bound with the Oak. His Pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a Sea,
And in the brunt of seventeen Battles since,
He lurcht all Swords of the Garland: for this last,
Before, and in Corioles, let me say
I cannot speak him home: he stopt the fliers,
And by his rare example made the Coward
Turn terror into sport: as Weeds before
A Vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his Stem: his Sword, Deaths stamp,
Where it did mark, it took from face to foot:
He was a thing of Blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying Cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal Gate of th'City, which he painted
With shunless destiny: aidless came off,
And with a sudden re-inforcement struck
Carioles like a Planet: now all's his,
When by and by the din of War gan pierce
His ready sense: then straight his doubled spirit
Requikned what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the Battle came he, where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if 'twere
A perpetual spoil: and till we call'd
Both Field and City ours, he never stood
To ease his Breast with panting.

Menen. Worthy man.

Senat. He cannot but with measure fit the Honours
which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kickt at,
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common Muck of the World: he covets less
Than Misery it self would give, rewards his deeds
With doing them, and is content

To spend the time, to end it.

Menen. He's right Noble, let him be call'd for.

Senat. Call *Coriolanus*.

Off. He doth appear.

Enter Coriolanus.

Menen. The Senate, *Coriolanus*, are well pleas'd to make thee Consul.

Corio. I do owe them still my Life, and Services.

Menen. It then remains, that you do speak to the People.

Corio. I do beseech you,

Let me o'er-leap that custom: for I cannot
Put on the Gown, stand naked, and entreat them
For my Wounds sake, to give their sufferage:
Please you that I may pass this doing.

Scicin. Sir, the People must have their Voices,
Neither will they bate one iota of Ceremony.

Menen. Put them not to't:

Pray you go fit you to the Custom,
And take to you, as your Predecessors have,
Your Honour with your form.

Corio. It is a part that I shall blush in acting,
And might well be taken from the People.

Brutus. Mark you that.

Corio. To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus
Shew them th'unaching Scars, which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only.

Menen. Do not stand upon't:
We recommend to you Tribunes of the People
Our purpose to them, and to our Noble Consul
Wish we all Joy, and Honour.

Senat. To *Coriolanus* come all joy and Honour.

Flourish Cornets.

Then Exeunt. Manet Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Scicin. May they perceive's intent: he will require them
As if he did contemn what he requested,
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here on th'Market place,
I know they do attend us.

Enter seven or eight Citizens.

1. *Cit.* Once if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2. *Cit.* We may Sir if we will.

3. *Cit.* We have power in our selves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do: For, if he shew us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them: So if he tell us his Noble deeds, we must also tell him our Noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a Monster of the multitude; of the which, we being members, should bring our selves to be monstrous members.

1. *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of a little help will serve: for once we stood up about the Corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed Multitude.

3. *Cit.* We have been call'd so of many, not that our heads are some brown, some black, some Abram, some bald; but that our wits are so diversly Coulor'd; and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one Scull, they would fly East, West, North, South, and their consent of one direct way, should be at once to all the points a'thCompass.

2. *Cit.* Think you so? Which way do you judge my wit would fly.

3. *Cit.* Nay your wit will not so soon out as another mans will, 'tis strongly wadg'd up in a block head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould sure Southward.

2. *Cit.* Why that way?

3. *Cit.* To lose it self in a Fog, where being three parts

melted away with rotten Dews, the fourth would return for Conscience sake, to help to get thee a Wife.

2. *Cit.* You are never without your tricks, you may, you may.

3. *Cit.* Are you all resolv'd to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it, I say. If he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus in a gown of Humility, with Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the Gown of humility, mark his behaviour: we are not to stay altogether, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars, wherein every one of us ha's a single Honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues, therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content.

Men. Oh Sir, you are not right: have you not known
The worthiest men have done't?

Corio. What must I say, I pray Sir?
Plague upon't, I cannot bring
My tougue to such a pace. Look Sir, my wounds,
I got them in my Countrys Service, when
Some certain of your Brethren roar'd, and ran
From th'noise of our own Drums.

Menen. Oh me the Gods, you must not speak of that,
You must desire them to think upon you.

Coriol. Think upon me? Hang 'em,
I would they would forget me, like the Virtues
Which our Divines lose by em.

Men. You'l mar all.
I'll leave you: Pray you speak to em, I pray you
In wholesome manner.

Exit

Enter three of the Citizens.

Cori. Bid them wash their Faces,
And keep their teeth clean: So, here comes a brace,

You know the cause (Sir) of my standing here.

3 *Cit.* We do Sir, tell us what hath brought you to't.

Corio. Mine own desert.

2 *Cit.* Your own desert.

Corio. Ay, but mine own desire.

3 *Cit.* How not your own desire?

Corio. No Sir, 'twas never my desire yet to trouble the poor with begging.

3 *Cit.* You must think if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Corio. Well then I pray, your price a'th'Consulship.

1 *Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.

Corio. Kindly sir, I pray let me ha't: I have wounds to shew you, which shall be yours in private: your good voice Sir, what say you?

2 *Cit.* You shall ha't worthy Sir.

Corio. A match Sir, there's in all two worthy voices begg'd: I have your Alms, Adieu.

3 *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2 *Cit.* And 'twere to give again: but 'tis no matter.

Exeunt.

Enter two other Citizens.

Coriol. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices, that I may be Consul, I have here the Customary Gown.

1. You have deserved Nobly of your Country, and you have not deserved Nobly.

Coriol. Your Ænigma.

1. You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a Rod to her Friends, you have not indeed loved the Common people.

Coriol. You should account me the more Virtuous, that I have not been common in my Love, I will sir flatter my sworn Brother the people to earn a dearer estimation of them, 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice, is rather to have my Hat, than my Heart, I will

practice the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly, that is sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountiful to the desirers: Therefore beseech you, I may be Consul.

2. We hope to find you our friend: and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1. You have received many wounds for your Country.

Coriol. I will not Seal your knowledge with shewing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no farther.

Both. The Gods give you joy Sir heartily.

Coriol. Most sweet Voices:

Better it is to die, better to sterve,
Than crave the higher, which first we do deserve.
Why in this Woolvish tongue should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that does appear
Their needless Vouches: Custom calls me to't.
What Custom wills in all things, should we do't?
The Dust on antique Time would lie unswept,
And mountainous Error be too highly heapt,
For Truth to o'er-peer. Rather than fool it so,
Let the high Office and the Honour go
To one that would do thus. I am half through,
The one part suffered, the other will I do.

Enter three Citizens more.

Here come mo Voices.

Your Voices? for your Voices I have fought,
Watcht for your Voices: for your Voices, bear
Of Wounds, two dozen odd: Battles thrice six
I have seen, and heard of: for your Voices,
Have done many things, some less, some more:
Your Voices? Indeed I would be Consul.

1 *Cit.* He ha's done Nobly, and cannot go without any honest mans Voice.

2 *Cit.* Therefore let him be Consul: the Gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the People.

All. Amen, Amen, God save thee, Noble Consul.

Corio. Worthy Voices.

Enter Menenius, with Brutus and Scicinius.

Mene. You have stood your Limitation:
And the Tribunes endue you with the Peoples Voice,
Remains, that in th'Official Marks invested,
You anon do meet the Senate.

Corio. Is this done?

Scicin. The Custom of Request you have discharg'd:
The People do admit you and are summon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Corio. Where? at the Senate-house?

Scicin. There, *Coriolanus.*

Corio. May I change these Garments?

Scicin. You may, Sir.

Cori. That I'll straight do: and knowing myself again,
Repair toth'Senate-house.

Mene. I'll keep you company. Will you along?

Brut. We stay here for the People.

Scicin. Fare you well. *Exeunt Coriol. and Mene.*

He ha's it now: and by his Looks, me thinks,
'Tis warm at's heart.

Brut. With a proud heart he wore his humble Weeds:
Will you dismiss the People?

Enter the Plebeians.

Scici. How now, my Masters, have you chose this man?

1 *Cit.* He ha's our Voices, Sir.

Brut. We pray the Gods, he may deserve your loves.

2 *Cit.* Amen, Sir: to my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our Voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly, he flouted us down-right.

1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save your self, but says
He us'd us scornfully: he should have shew'd us
His Marks of Merit, Wounds receiv'd for's Country.

Scicin. Why so he did I am sure.

All. No, no: no man saw 'em.

3 *Cit.* He said he had Wounds,
Which he could shew in private:
And with his Hat, thus waving it in scorn,
I would be Consul, says he: aged Custom,
But by your Voices, will not so permit me.
Your Voices therefore: when we granted that,
Here was, I thank you for your Voices, thank you
Your most sweet Voices: now you have left your Voices,
I have no further with you. Was not this mockery?

Scicin. Why either were you ignorant to see't?
Or seeing it, of such Childish friendliness,
To yield your Voices?

Brut. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd: When he had no Power,
But was a petty servant to the State,
He was your Enemy, ever spake against
Your Liberties, and the Charters that you bear
I'th'Body of the Weale: and now arriving
A place of Potency, and sway o'th'State,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast Foe to th'Plebeü, your Voices might
Be Curses to your selves. You should have said,
That as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for: so his gracious nature
Would think upon you, for your Voices,
And translate his Malice towards you, into Love,
Standing your friendly Lord.

Scicin. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had toucht his Spirit,
And try'd his Inclination: from him pluckt
Either his gracious Promise, which you might
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not Article,
Tying him to ought, so putting him to Rage,

You should have ta'en th' advantage of his Choler,
And pass'd him unelected.

Brut. Did you perceive,
He did solicit you in free Contempt,
When he did need your Loves: and do you think,
That his Contempt shall not be brusing to you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your Bodies
No Heart among you? Or had you Tongues, to cry
Against the Rectorship of Judgment?

Scicin. Have you, ere now, deny'd the asker:
And now again, of him that did not ask, but mock,
Bestow your su'd-for Tongues?

3. *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2. *Cit.* And will deny him:

I'll have five hundred Voices of that sound.

1. *Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends, to piece 'em.

Brut. Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends,
They have chose a Consul, that will from them take
Their Liberties, make them of no more Voice
Than Dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.

Scici. Let them assemble: and on a safer Judgment,
All revoke your ignorant election: Enforce his Pride,
And his old Hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what Contempt he wore the humble Weed,
How in his Suit he scorn'd you: but your Loves,
Thinking upon his Services, took from you
Th'apprehension of his present portance,
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate Hate he bears you.

Brut. Lay a fault on us, your Tribunes,
That we labour'd (no impediment between)
But that you must cast your Election on him.

Scici. Say you chose him, more after our commandment,
Than as guided by your own true affections, and that
Your Minds pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do,
Than what you should, made you against the grain

To Voice him Consul. Lay the fault on us.

Brut. Ay, spare us not: Say, we read Lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his Country,
How long continued, and what stock he springs of,
The Noble House o'th' *Martians*: from whence came
That *Ancus Martius, Numas* Daughters Son:
Who after great *Hostilius* here was King,
Of the same House *Publius* and *Quintus* were,
That our best Water, brought by Conduits hither,
And Nobly nam'd, so twice being Censor,
Was his great Ancestor.

Scicin. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought,
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Skaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy; and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Brut. Say you ne'er had don't,
(Harp on that still) but by our putting on:
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair toth' Capitol.

All. We will so: almost all repent in their election.

Exeunt Plebeians.

Brut. Let them go on:
This Mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Scicin. Toth' Capitol, come:
We will be there before the stream o'th' People:
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded on-ward.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, all the Gentry, Cominius, Titus Latius, and other Senators.

Corio. Tullius Aufidius then had made new head.

Latius. He had, my Lord, and that it was which caus'd Our swifter Composition.

Corio. So then the Volces stand but as at first, Ready when time shall prompt them, to make road Upon's again.

Com. They are worn (Lord Consul) so, That we shall hardly in our ages see Their Banners wave again.

Corio. Saw you Aufidius?

Latius. On safeguard he came to me, and did curse Against the Volces, for they had so vildly Yielded the Town: he is retired to Antium.

Corio. Spoke he of me?

Latius. He did, my Lord.

Corio. How? what?

Latius. How often he had met you Sword to Sword: That of all things upon the Earth, he hated Your person most: That he would pawn his fortunes To hopeless restitution, so he might Be call'd your Vanquisher.

Corio. At Antium lives he?

Latius. At Antium.

Corio. I wish I had a cause to seek him there, To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.

Enter Scicinius and Brutus.

Behold, these are the Tribunes of the People, The Tongues o'th'Common Mouth. I do despise them;

For they do prank them in Authority,
Against all Noble sufferance.

Scicin. Pass no further.

Cor. Hah? what is that?

Brut. It will be dangerous to go on—No further.

Corio. What makes this change?

Mene. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the Noble, and the Common?

Brut. *Cominius,* no.

Corio. Have I had Childrens Voices?

Senat. Tribunes give way, he shall toth' Market place.

Brut. The People are incens'd against him.

Scin. Stop, or all will fall in broil.

Corio. Are these your Herd?

Must these have Voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their toungs? what are your Offices?
You being their Mouths, why rule you not their Teeth?
Have you not set them on?

Mene. Be calm, be calm.

Corio. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by Plot,
To curb the will of the Nobility:
Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be ruled.

Brut. Call't not a Plot:

The People cry you mockt them: and of late,
When Corn was given them *gratis*, you repin'd,
Scandal'd the Suplicants: for the People, call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to Nobleness.

Corio. Why this was known before.

Brut. Not to them all.

Corio. Have you inform'd them sithence?

Brut. How? I inform them?

Com. You are like to do such business.

Brut. Not unlike each way to better yours.

Corio. Why then should I be Consul? by yond Clouds
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow Tribune.

Scicin. You shew too much of that,
 For which the People stir: if you will pass
 To where you are bound, you must enquire your way,
 Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit,
 Or never be so Noble as a Consul,
 Nor yoke with him for Tribune.

Mene. Let's be calm.

Com. The People are abus'd: set on, this palt'ring
 Becomes not Rome: nor ha's *Coriolanus*
 Deserv'd this so dishonour'd Rub, laid falsely
 I'th'plain Way of his Merit.

Corio. Tell me of Corn: this was my speech,
 And I will speak't again.

Mene. Not now, not now.

Senat. Not in this heat, Sir, now.

Corio. Now as I live, I will.
 My Nobler friends, I crave their pardons:
 For the mutable rank-sent'd Meynie,
 Let them regard me, as I do not flatter,
 And therein behold themselves: I say again,
 In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our Senate
 The Cockle of Rebellion, Insolence, Sedition,
 Which we our selves have ploughed for, sow'd, and scatter'd,
 By mingling them with us, the honor'd Number,
 Who lack not Virtue, no, nor Power, but that
 Which they have given to Beggars.

Mene. Well, no more.

Senat. No more words, we beseech you.

Corio. How? no more?

As for my Country, I have shed my blood,
 Not fearing outward force: So shall my Lungs
 Coin words till their decay, against those Measles
 Which we disdain should Tetter us, yet sought
 The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak a'th'people, as if you were a God,
 To punish; Not a man, of their Infirmity.

Scicin. 'Twere well we let the people know't.

Mene. What, what? His Choler?

Cor. Choler? Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

Sicin. It is a mind that shall remain a poison
Where it is: not poison any further.

Corio. Shall remain?

Hear you this Triton of the *Minnows*? Mark you
His absolute Shall?

Com. 'Twas from the Cannon.

Cor. Shall? O God! but most unwise Patricians: why
You grave, but wreakless Senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an Officer,
That with his peremptory Shall, being but
The horn, and noise o'th'Monsters, wants not spirit
To say, he'll turn your Current in a ditch,
And make your Channel his? If he have power,
Then vale your Ignorance: If none, awake
Your dangerous Lenity: If you are Learn'd,
Be not as common Fools; if you are not,
Let them have Cushions by you. You are Plebeians,
If they be Senators: and they are no less,
When both your voices blended, the great'st taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their Magistrate,
And such a one as he, who puts his Shall,
His popular Shall, against a graver Bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove himself,
It makes the Consuls base; and my Soul aches
To know, when two Authorities are up,
Neither Supreme; How soon Confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of Both, and take
The one by th'other.

Com. Well, on to'th'Market place.

Corio. Who ever gave that Counsel, to give forth
The Corn a'th'Store-house gratis, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in Greece.

Mene. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. Thogh there the people had more absolute power

I say they nourisht disobedience: fed, the ruin of the State.

Bru. Why shall the people give
One that speaks thus, their voice?

Corio. I'll give my Reasons,
More worthier than their Voices. They know the Corn
Was not our recompence, resting well assur'd
They ne'er did service for't; being prest to'th'War,
Even when the Navel of the State was touch'd,
They would not thread the Gates: This kind of Service
Did not deserve Corn gratis. Being i'th'War, .
There Mutinies and Revolts, wherein they shew'd
Most Valour, spoke not for them. Th'Accusation
Which they have often made against the Senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the Native
Of our so frank Donation. Well, what then?
How shall this Bosom-multiplied, digest
The Senates Courtesy? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words, We did request it,
We are the greater pole, and in true fear
They gave us our demands. Thus we debase
The Nature of our Seats, and make the Rabble
Call our Cares, Fears; which will in time
Break ope the Locks a'th'Senate, and bring in
The Crows to peck the Eagles.

Mene. Come enough.

Bru. Enough, with over measure.

Corio. No, take more.

What may be sworn by, both Divine and Human,
Seal what I end withall. This double worship,
Whereon part do's disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason: where Gentry, Title, wisdom
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general Ignorance, it must omit
Real Necessities, and give way the while
To unstable Slightness. Purpose so barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore beseech you,
You that will be less fearful, than discreet,

That love the Fundamental part of State
More than you doubt the change on't: That prefer
A Noble life, before a Long, and Wish,
To jump a Body with a dangerous Physic,
That's sure of death without it: at once pluck out
The Multitudinous Tongue, let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison. Your dishonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the State
Of that Integrity which should becom' t:
Not having the power to do the good it would
For th'ill which doth control't.

Bru. Has said enough.

Sicin. Ha's spoken like a Traitor, and shall answer
As Traitors do.

Corio. Thou wretch, despite oerwhelm thee:
What should the people do with these bald Tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To'th'greater Bench, in a Rebellion:
When what's not meet, but what must be, was Law,
Then were they chosen: in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be said it must be meet,
And throw their power i'th'dust.

Bru. Manifest Treason.

Sicin. This a Consul? No.

Enter an Edile.

Bru. The Ediles ho: Let him be apprehended:

Sicin. Go call the people, in whose name my Self
Attach thee as a Traitorous Innovator:
A Foe to'th'public Weale. Obey I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Corio. Hence old Goat.

All. We'll Surety him.

Com. Ag'd sir, hands off.

Corio. Hence rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy Garments.

Sicin. Help ye Citizens.

Enter a rabble of Plebeians with the Aediles.

Mene. On both sides more respect.

Sicin. Here's he, that would take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him *Aediles*.

All. Down with him, down with him.

2. Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons:

They all bustle about Coriolanus.

Tribunes, Patricians, Citizens: what ho:

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, Citizens.

All. Peace, peace, peace, stay, hold, peace.

Mene. What is about to be? I am out of Breath,
Confusions near, I cannot speak. You, Tribunes
To'th'people: *Coriolanus*, patience. Speak good *Sicinius*.

Scici. Hear me, People peace.

All. Let's here our Tribune: peace, speak, speak, speak.

Scici. You are at point to lose your Liberties:
Martius would have all from you; *Martius*,
Whom late you have nam'd for Consul.

Mene. Fie, fie, fie, this is the way to kindle, not to quench.

Sen. To unbuild the City, and to lay all flat.

Scici. What is the City, but the People?

All. True, the People are the City.

Brut. By the consent of all, we were establish'd the Peoples
Magistrates.

All. You so remain.

Mene. And so are like to do.

Com. That is the way to lay the City flat,
To bring the Roof to the Foundation,
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges
In heaps, and piles of Ruin.

Scici. This deserves Death.

Brut. Or let us stand to our Authority,
Or let us lose it: we do here pronounce,
Upon the part o'th'People, in whose power
We were elected theirs, *Martius* is worthy
Of present Death.

Scici. Therefore lay hold of him:
Bear him toth' Rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Brut. *Ædiles* seize him.

All Ple. Yield *Martius*, yield.

Mene. Hear me one word; beseech you Tribunes, hear me but
a word.

Ædiles. Peace, peace.

Mene. Be that you seem, truly your Country's friend,
And temp'rately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Brut. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous,
Where the Disease is violent. Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the Rock. *Corio. draws his Sword.*

Corio. No, I'll die here:
There's some among you have beheld me fighting,
Come try upon your selves, what you have seen me.

Mene. Down with that Sword, Tribunes withdraw a while.

Brut. Lay hands upon him.

Mene. Help *Martius*, help: you that be noble, help him young
and old.

All. Down with him, down with him. *Exeunt.*

*In this Mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the
People are beat in.*

Mene. Go, get you to our House: be gone, away,
All will be naught else.

2. Sena. Get you gone.

Com. Stand fast, we have as many friends as enemies.

Mene. Shall it be put to that?

Sena. The Gods forbid:

I pryythee noble friend, home to thy House,
Leave us to cure this Cause.

Mene. For 'tis a Sore upon us,
You cannot Tent yourself: be gone, 'beseech you.

Corio. Come Sir, along with us.

Mene. I would they were Barbarians, as they are,

Though in Rome litter'd: not Romans, as they are not,
Though calved i'th'Porch o'th'Capitol:
Be gone, put not your worthy Rage into your Tongue,
One time will owe another.

Corio. On fair ground, I could beat forty of them.

Mene. I could my self take up a Brace o'th'best of them, yea,
the two Tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond Arithmetic,
And Manhood is call'd Foolery, when it stands
Against a falling Fabric. Will you hence,
Before the Tag return? whose Rage doth rend
Like interrupted Waters, and o'er-bear
What they are us'd to bear.

Mene. Pray you be gone:
I'll try whether my old Wit be in request
With those that have but little: this must be patcht
With Cloth of any Colour.

Com. Nay, come away. *Exeunt Coriolanus and Cominius.*

Patri. This man ha's marr'd his fortune.

Mene. His nature is too noble for the World:
He would not flatter *Neptune* for his Trident,
Or *Jove*, for's power to Thunder: his Heart's his Mouth:
What his Breast forges, that his Tongue must vent,
And being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the Name of Death.

A Noise within.

Here's goodly work.

Patri. I would they were a bed.

Mene. I would they were in Tiber.
What the vengeance, could he not speak 'em fair?

Enter Brutus and Sicinius with the rabble again.

Sicin. Where is this Viper,
That would depopulate the city, and be every man himself

Mene. You worthy Tribunes.

Sicin. He shall be thrown the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands: he hath resisted Law,
And therefore Law shall scorn him further Trial

Than the severity of the public Power,
Which he so sets at naught.

1 *Cit.* He shall well know the Noble Tribunes are
The peoples mouths, and we their hands.

All. He shall sure ont.

Mene. Sir, sir. *Sicin.* Peace.

Me. Do not cry havoc, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.

Sicin. Sir, how com'st that you have holp
To make this rescue?

Mene. Here me speak? As I do know
The Consuls worthiness, so can I name his Faults.

Sicin. Consul? what Consul?

Mene. The Consul *Coriolanus.*

Bru. He Consul.

All. No, no, no, no, no.

Mene. If by the Tribunes leave,
And yours good people,
I may be heard, I would crave a word or two,
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then,
For we are peremptory to despatch
This Viporous Traitor: to eject him hence
Were but one danger, and to keep him here
Our certain death: therefore it is decreed,
He dies to night.

Menen. Now the good Gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved Children, is enroll'd
In Joves own Book, like an unnatural Dam
Should now eat up her own.

Sicin. He's a Disease that must be cut away.

Mene. Oh he's a Limbe, that ha's but a Disease
Mortal, to cut it off: to cure it, easy.
What ha's he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
Killing our Enemies, the blood he hath lost

(Which I dare vouch, is more than that he hath
By many an Ounce) he dropp'd it for his Country:
And what is left, to lose it by his Country,
Were to us all that do't, and suffer it
A brand to th'end a'th World.

Sicin. This is clean kamme.

Brut. Merely awry:
When he did love his Country, it honour'd him.

Menen. The service of the foot
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was.

Bru. We'll hear no more:
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence,
Lest his infection being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Menen. One word more, one word:
This Tiger-footed-rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will (too late)
Tie Leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by Process,
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Brut. If it were so?

Sicin. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his Obedience?
Our Ediles smote: our selves resisted: come.

Mene. Consider this: He has been bred i'th'Wars
Since a could draw a Sword, and is ill-school'd
In boulted language: Meal and Bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him in peace,
Where he shall answer by a lawful Form
(In peace) to his utmost peril.

1. *Sen.* Noble Tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody: and the end of it,
Unknown to the Beginning.

Sic. Noble *Menenius*, be you then as the peoples officer:

Masters, lay down your Weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the Market place: we'll attend you there:
Where if you bring not *Martius*, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Menen. I'll bring him to you.

Let me desire your company: he must come,
Or what is worst will follow.

Sena. Pray you let's to him.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Coriolanus with Nobles.

Corio. Let them pull all about mine ears, present me
Death on the Wheel, or at wild Horses heels,
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian Rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight; yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter Volumnia.

Noble. Yo do the Nobler.

Corio. I muse my Mother
Do's not approve me further, who was wont
To call them Wollen Vassals, things created
To buy and sell with Groats, to shew bare heads
In Congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of Peace, or War. I talk of you,
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
False to my Nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Volum. Oh, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well on
Before you had worn it out.

Corio. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so: Lesser had been
The things of your dispositions, if

You had not shew'd them how ye were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Corio. Let them hang.

Volum. Ay, and burn too.

Enter Menenius with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, something too
rough; you must return, and mend it.

Sen. There's no remedy,

Unless by not so doing, our good City
Cleave in the midd'st, and perish.

Volum. Pray be counsell'd;
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of Anger
To better vantage.

Mene. Well said, Noble woman:
Before he should thus stoop to'th'heart, but that
The violent fit a'th'time craves it as Physic
For the whole State; I would put mine Armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Corio. What must I do?

Mene. Return to th'Tribunes.

Corio. Well, what then? what then?

Mene. Repent, what you have spoke.

Corio. For them, I cannot do it to the Gods,
Must I then do't to them?

Volum. You are too absolute,
Though therein you can never be too Noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
Honor and Policy, like unsever'd Friends,
I'th'War do grow together: Grant that, and tell me
In Peace, what each of them by th' other lose,
That they combine not there?

Corio. Tush, tush.

Mene. A good demand.

Volum. If it be Honor in your Wars, to seem
The same you are not, which for your best ends

You adopt your policy: How is it less or worse
That it shall hold Companionship in Peace
With Honour, as in War; since that to both
It stands in like request.

Corio. Why force you this?

Volumn. Because, that

Now it lies you on to speak to th'people:
Not by your own instruction, nor by'th'matter
Which your heart prompts you, but with such words
That are but roted in your Tongue;
Though but Bastards, and Syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosoms truth.
Now, this no more dishonors you at all,
Than to take in a Town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.
I would dissemble with my Nature, where
My Fortunes and my Friends at stake, requir'd
I should do so in Honor. I am in this
Your Wife, your Son: These Senators, the Nobles,
And you, will rather shew our general Lowts,
How you can frown, than spend, a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.

Menen. Noble Lady,
Come go with us, speak fair: you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Volumn. I prythee now, my Son,
Go to them, with this Bonnet in thy hand,
And thus far having stretcht it (here be with them)
Thy Knee bussing the stones: for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th'ignorant
More learned than the ears, waving thy head,
Which often thus correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest Mulberry,
That will not hold the handling: or say to them,

Thou art their Soldier, and being bred in broils,
 Hast not the soft way, which thou do'st confess
 Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
 In asking their good loves, but thou wilt frame
 Thy self (forsooth) hereafter theirs so far,
 As thou hast power and person.

Menen. This but done,
 Even as she speaks, why their hearts were yours:
 For they have Pardons, being ask'd, as free,
 As words to little purpose.

Volumn. Prythee now,
 Go, and be rul'd: although I know thou hadst rather
 Follow thine Enemy in a fiery Gulf,
 Than flatter him in a Bower.

Enter Cominius.

Here is *Cominius*.

Com. I have been i'th' Market place: and Sir 'tis fit
 You make strong party, or defend your self
 By calmness, or by absence: all's in anger.

Menen. Only fair speech.

Com. I think 'twill serve, if he can thereto frame his spirit.

Volumn. He must, and will:
 Prythee now say you will, and go about it.

Corio. Must I go shew them my unbar'b'd Sconce?
 Must I with my base Tongue give to my Noble Heart
 A Lie, that it must bear well? I will do't:
 Yet were there but this single Plot, to lose
 This Mould of *Martius*, they to dust should grind it,
 And throw't against the Wind. To th' Market place:
 You have put me now to such a part, which never
 I shall discharge toth' Life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Volumn. I prythee now sweet Son, as thou hast said
 My praises made thee first a Soldier; so
 To have my praise for this, perform a part
 Thou hast not done before.

Corio. Well, I must do't:
 Away my disposition, and possess me

Some Harlot's spirit: My throat of War be turn'd,
Which quier'd with my Drum into a Pipe,
Small as an Eunuch, or the Virgin voice
That Babies lull a-sleep: The smiles of Knaves
Tent in my cheeks, and School-boys Tears take up
The Glasses of my sight: A Beggars Tongue
Make motion through my Lips, and my Arm'd knees
Who bow'd but in my Stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an Alms. I will not do't,
Lest I surcease to honor mine own truth,
And by my Body's action, teach my Mind
A most inherent Baseness.

Volum. At thy choice then:

To beg of thee, it is my more dis-honor,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin, let
Thy Mother rather feel thy Pride, than fear
Thy dangerous Stoutness: for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list,
Thy Valiantness was mine, thou suck'st it from me:
But owe thy Pride thy self.

Corio. Pray be content:

Mother, I am going to the Market place:
Chide me no more. I'll Mountebank their Loves,
Cog their Hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the Trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my Wife, I'll return Consul,
Or never trust to what my Tongue can do
I'th way of Flattery further.

Volum. Do your will.

Exit Volumnia

Com. Away, the Tribunes do attend you: arm your self
To answer mildly: for they are prepar'd
With Accusations, as I hear more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Corio. The word is, Mildly. Pray you let us go,
Let them accuse me by invention: I
Will answer in mine Honor.

Menen. Ay, but mildly.

Corio. Well mildly be it then, Mildly.

Exeunt.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power: If he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people,
And that the Spoil got on the *Antiats*
Was ne'er distributed. What, will he come?

Enter an Edile.

Edile. He's comming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Edile. With old *Menenius*, and those Senators
That always favour'd him.

Sicin. Have you a Catalogue
Of all the Voices that we have procur'd, set down by'th Pole?

Edile. I have: 'tis ready.

Sicin. Have you collected them by Tribes?

Edile. I have.

Sicin. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say, it shall be so,
I'th'right and strength a'th'Commons: be it either
For death, for fine, or Banishment, then let them
If I say Fine, cry Fine; if Death, cry Death,
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i'th Truth a'th Cause.

Edile. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present Execution
Of what we chance to Sentence.

Edi. Very well.

Sicin. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint
When we shall hap to giv't them.

Bru. Go about it.
Put him to Choler straight, he hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth

Of contradiction. Being once chafed, he cannot
Be rein'd again to Temperance, then he speaks
What's in his heart, and that is there which looks
With us to break his neck.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with others.

Sicin. Well, here he comes.

Mene. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Corio. Ay, as an Hostler, that fourth poorest piece
Will bear the Knave by'th Volume :
Th' honor'd Gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the Chairs of Justice
Supplied with worthy men, plant love amongs
Through our large Temples with the shews of peace
And not our streets with War.

1. *Sen.* Amen, Amen.

Mene. A Noble wish.

Enter the Edile with the Plebeians.

Sicin. Draw near ye people.

Edile. List to your Tribunes. Audience:
Peace I say.

Corio. First hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say: Peace ho.

Corio. Shall I be charg'd no further than this present?
Must all determine here?

Sicin. I do demand,
If you submit you to the peoples voices,
Allow their Officers, and are content
To suffer lawful Censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you.

Corio. I am Content.

Mene. Lo Citizens, he says he is Content.
The warlike Service he ha's done, consider: Think
Upon the wounds his body bears, which shew
Like Graves i'th holy Church-yard.

Corio. Scratches with Briars, scars to move
Laughter only.

Mene. Consider further:
That when he speaks not like a Citizen,
You find him like a Soldier: do not take
His rougher Actions for malicious sounds:
But as I say, such as become a Soldier,
Rather than envy you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Corio. What is the matter,
That being past for Consul with full voice:
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again.

Sicin. Answer to us.

Corio. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so

Sicin. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all season'd Office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical,
For which you are a Traitor to the people.

Corio. How? Traitor?

Mene. Nay temperately: your promise.

Corio. The fires i'th'lowest hell. Fold in the people:
Call me their Traitor, thou injurious Tribune.
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths
In thy hands clutcht: as many Millions in
Thy lying tongue, both numbers. I would say
Thou liest unto thee, with a voice as free,
As I do pray the Gods.

Sicin. Mark you this people?

All. To'th'Rock, to th' Rock with him.

Sicin. Peace:

We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak:
Beating your Officers, cursing your selves,
Opposing Laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him,
Even this so criminal, and in such capital kind

Deserves th' extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath serv'd well for Rome.

Corio. What do you prate of Service.

Brut. I talk of that, that know it.

Corio. You?

Menen. Is this the promise that you made your mother.

Com. Know, I pray you.

Corio. I'll know no further:

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, Flaying, pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy, at the price of one fair word,
Nor check my Courage for what they can give,
To hav't with saying, Good morrow.

Sicin. For that he ha's
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envi'd against the people; seeking means
To pluck away their power: as now at last,
Given Hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded Justice, but on the Ministers
That doth distribute it. In the name a'th'people,
And in the power of us the Tribunes, we
(Ev'n from this instant) banish him our City
In peril of precipitation
From off the Rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates. I'th'Peoples name,
I say it shall be so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so: let him away:
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me my Masters, and my common friends.

Sicin. He's sentenc'd: No more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:

I have been Consul, and can shew from Rome
Her Enemies marks upon me. I do love
My Country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear Wives estimate, her wombs increase,

And treasure of my Loins: then if I would
Speak that.

Sicin. We know your drift. Speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd
As Enemy to the people, and his Country.

It shall be so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Corio. You common cry of Curs, whose breath I hate,
As reek a'th rotten Fens: whose Loves I prize,
As the dead Carcasses of unburied men,
That do corrupt my Air: I banish you,
And here remain with your uncertainty.

Let every feeble Rumour shake your hearts:
Your Enemies, with nodding of their Plumes
Fan you into despair: Have the power still
To banish your Defenders, till at length
Your ignorance (which finds not till it feels,
Making but reservation of your selves,
Still your own Foes) deliver you
As most abated Captives, to some Nation
That won you without blows, despising
For you the City. Thus I turn my back;
There is a world elsewhere.

Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, with Cumaliis.

They all shout, and throw up their Caps.

Edile. The peoples Enemy is gone, is gone.

All. Our enemy is banish'd, he is gone: Hoo, oo.

Sicin. Go see him out at Gates, and follow him
As he hath follow'd you, with all despight
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the City.

All. Come, come, lets see him out at gates, come:
The Gods preserve our noble Tribunes, come.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

*Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius,
with the young Nobility of Rome.*

Corio. Come leave your tears: a brief farewell: the beast
With many heads butts me away. Nay Mother,
Where is your ancient Courage? You were us'd
To say, Extremities was the trier of spirits,
That common chances. Common men could bear,
That when the Sea was calm, all Boats alike
Shew'd Mastership in floating. Fortunes blows,
When most strook home, being gentle wounded, craves
A Noble cunning. You were us'd to load me
With Precepts that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Virg. O heavens! O heavens!

Corio. Nay, I prithee woman.

Vol. Now the Red Pestilence strike al Trades in Rome,
And Occupations perish.

Corio. What, what, what:

I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay Mother,
Resume that Spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the Wife of *Hercules*,
Six of his Labours youl'd have done, and sav'd
Your Husband so much sweat. *Cominius*,
Droop not, Adieu: Farewell, my Wife, my Mother,
I'll do well yet. Thou old and true *Menenius*,
Thy tears are salter than a younger mans,
And venomous to thine eyes. My (sometime) General,
I have seen the Stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardning spectacles. Tell these sad women,
Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,

As 'tis to laugh at 'em My Mother, you wot well
 My hazards still have been your solace, and
 Believ't not lightly, though I go alone
 Like to a lonely Dragon, that his Fen
 Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen: your Son
 Will or exceed the Common, or be caught
 With cautious baits and practice.

Volumn. My first son,
 Whether will thou go? Take good *Cominius*
 With thee awhile: Determine on some course
 More than a wild exposture, to each chance
 That starts i' th' way before thee.

Corio. O the Gods!
Com. I'll follow thee a Month, devise with thee
 Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
 And we of thee. So if the time thrust forth
 A cause for thy Repeal, we shall not send
 O'er the vast world, to seek a single man,
 And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
 Ith' absence of the needer.

Corio. Fare ye well:
 Thou hast years upon thee, and thou art too full
 Of the wars surfeits, to go rove with one
 That's yet unbruised: bring me but out at gate.
 Come my sweet wife; my dearest Mother, and
 My Friends of Noble touch: when I am forth,
 Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you come:
 While I remain above the ground, you shall
 Hear from me still, and never of me ought
 But what is like me formerly.

Menen. That's worthily
 As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep,
 If I could shake off but one seven years
 From these old arms and legs, by the good Gods
 I'ld with thee, every foot.

Corio. Give me thy hand, come.

Exeunt

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus, with the Edile.

Sicin. Bid them all home, he's gone: and we'll no further,
The Nobility are vexed, whom we see have sided
In his behalf.

Brut. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.

Sicin. Bid them home: say their great enemy is gone,
And they, stand in their ancient strength.

Brut. Dismiss them home. Here comes his Mother.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Sicin. Let's not meet her.

Brut. Why?

Sicin. They say she's mad.

Brut. They have ta'en note of us: keep on your way.

Volum. Oh y're well met:
Th'hoarded plague a'th'Gods requit your love.

Menen. Peace, peace, be not so loud.

Volumn. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,
Nay, and you shall hear some. Will you be gone?

Virg. You shall stay too: I would I had the power
To say so to my Husband.

Sicin. Are you mankind?

Volumn. Ay fool, is that a shame. Note but this Fool,
Was not a man my Father? Had'st thou Foxship
To banish him that strook more blows for Rome
Than thou hast spoken words.

Sicin. Oh blessed Heavens!

Volumn. Mo Noble blows, than ever you wise words.
And for Romes good, I'll tell thee what: yet go:
Nay but thou shalt stay too: I would my Son
Were in Arabia, and thy Tribe before him,
His good Sword in his hand.

Sicin. What then?

Virg. What then? He'd make an end to thy posterity

Volum. Bastards, and all.

Good man, the Wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Menen. Come, come, peace.

Sicin. I would he had continued to his Country
As he began, and not unknit himself

The Noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Volum. I would he had? 'Twas you incenst the rable.
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those Mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Brut. Pray let's go.

Volum. Now pray sir get you gone.
You have done a brave deed: Ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome; so far my Son
This Lady's Husband here; this (do you see)
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sicin. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her Wits. *Exit Tribunes.*

Volum. Take my Prayers with you.
I would the Gods had nothing else to do,
But to confirm my Curses. Could I meet 'em
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.

Mene. You have told them home,
And by my troth you have cause: you'll Sup with me.

Volum. Angers my Meat: I sup upon my self,
And so shall sterue with Feeding: Come, let's go,
Leave this faint-puling, and lament as I do,
In Anger, Juno-like: Come, come, come.

Mene. Fie, fie, fie.

Exeunt
Exit.

Enter a Roman, and a Volce.

Rom. I know you well sir, and you know me: your name I
think is *Adrian*.

Volce. It is so sir, truly I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman, and my Services are as you are, against 'em. Know you me yet.

Volce. Nicanor: no.

Rom. The same sir.

Volce. You had more Beard when I last saw you, but your Favour is well appear'd by your Tongue. What's the News in Rome: I have a Note from the Volcean state to find you out there. You have well saved me a days journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange Insurrections: The people, against the Senators, Patricians, and Nobles.

Vol. Hath been; is it ended then? Our State thinks not so, they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to com upon them, in the heat of their division

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the Nobles receive so to heart, the Banishment of that worthy *Coriolanus*, that they are in a ripe aptness, to take al power from the people, and to pluck from them their Tribunes for ever. This lies glowing I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. *Coriolanus* Banisht?

Rom. Banish'd sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence *Nicanor*.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's Wife, is when she's fall'n out with her Husband. Your Noble *Tullus Aufidius* well appear well in these Wars, his great Opposer *Coriolanus* being now in no request of his country.

Volce. He cannot choose: I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you. You have ended my Business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall between this and Supper, tell you most strange things from Rome: all tending to the good of their Adversaries. Have you an Army ready say you?

Vol. A most Royal one: The Centurions, and their charges distinctly billeted already in th'entertainment, and to be on foot at an hours warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man I think, that shall set them in present Action. So sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your Company.

Volce. You take my part from me sir, I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together.

Exeunt.

Enter Coriolanus in mean Apparel, Disguis'd, and muffled.

Corio. A goodly City is this *Antium*. City,
'Tis I that made thy Widows: Many an heir
Of these fair Edifices 'fore my Wars
Have I heard groan, and drop: Then know me not,
Lest that thy Wives with Spits, and Boys with stones
In puny Battle slay me. Save you sir.

Enter a Citizen.

Cit. And you.

Corio. Direct me, if it be your will, where great *Auffidius* lies: Is he in *Antium*?

Cit. He is, and Feasts the Nobles of the State, at his house this night.

Corio. Which is his house, beseech you?

Cit. This here before you.

Corio. Thank you sir, farewell.

Exit Citizen

Oh World, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seems to wear one heart,
Whose Hours, whose Bed, whose Meal and Exercise
Are still together: who Twin (as 'twere) in Love,
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissention of a Doit, break out
To bitterest Enmity: So fellest Foes,
Whose Passions, and whose Plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an Egg, shall grow dear friends
And inter-join their issues. So with me,
My Birth-place have I, and my loves upon
This Enemy Town: I'll enter, if he slay me

He does fair Justice: if he give me way,
I'll do his Country Service.

Exit.

Music plays. Enter a Servingman.

1 Ser. Wine, Wine, Wine: What service is here? I think
our Fellows are asleep.

Enter another Servingman.

2 Ser. Where's *Cotus*: my M. calls for him: *Cotus*.
Exit
Enter Coriolanus.

Corio. A goodly House:
The Feast smells well: but I appear not like a Guest.

Enter the first Servingman.

1 Ser. What would you have Friend? whence are you?
Here's no place for you: Pray go to the door? *Exit*

Corio. I have deserved no better entertainment, in being
Coriolanus.

Enter second Servant.

2 Ser. Whence are you sir? Ha's the Porter his eyes in his
head, that he gives entrance to such Companions?

Corio. Away.

2 Ser. Away? Get you away.

Corio. Now th'art troublesome.

2 Ser. Are you so brave: I'll have you talkt with anon

Enter 3 Servingman, the 1 meets him.

3 What Fellows this?

1 A strange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him out
o'th'house: Prithee call my Master to him.

3 What have you to do here fellow? Pray you avoid the
house.

Corio. Let me but stand, I will not hurt your Harth.

3 What are you?

Corio. A Gentleman.

3 A marv'lous poor one.

Corio. True, so I am.

3 Pray you poor Gentleman, take up some other station:
Here's no place for you, pray you avoid: Come.

Corio. Follow your Function, go, and batten on cold bits.

Pushes him away from him.

3 What you will not? Prithee tell my Master what a strange Guest he ha's here.

2 And I shall

Exit second Servingman.

3 Where dwell'st thou?

Corio. Under the Canopy.

3 Under the Canopy?

Corio. Ay.

3 Where's that?

Corio. I'th City of Kites and Crows.

3 I'th City of Kites and Crows? What an Ass it is, then thou dwell'st with Daws too?

Corio. No, I serve not thy Master.

3 How sir? Do you meddle with my Master?

Corio. Ay, tis an honester service, than to meddle with thy Mistress: Thou prat'st, and prat'st, serve with thy trencher: Hence.

Beats him away

Enter Aufidius with the Servingman.

Auf. Where is this Fellow?

2 Here sir, I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the Lords within.

Auf. Whence com'st thou? What would'st thou? Thy name? Why speak'st not? Speak man: What's thy name?

Corio. If Tullus not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not think me for the man I am, necessity commands me name my self.

Auf. What is thy name?

Corio. A name unmusical to the Volcians ears, And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a Grim appearance, and thy Face Bears a Command in't: Though thy Tackles torn, Thou shew'st a Noble Vessel: What's thy name?

Corio. Prepare thy brow to frown: know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not? Thy Name?

Corio. My name is *Caius Martius*, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces
Great hurt and Mischief: thereto witness may
My Surname *Coriolanus*. The painful Service,
The extreme Dangers, and the drops of Blood
Shed for my thankless Country, are requitted:
But with that Surname, a good memory
And witness of the Malice and Displeasure
Which thou should'st bear me, only that name remains.
The Cruelty and Envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard Nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest:
And suffer'd me by th'voice of Slaves to be
Hoop'd out of Rome. Now this extremity,
Hath brought me to thy Harth, not out of Hope
(Mistake me not) to save my life: for if
I had fear'd death, of all the Men i'th'World
I would have voided thee. But in mere spite
To be full quit of those my Banishers,
Stand I before thee here: Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy Country, speed thee straight
And make my misery serve thy turn: So use it,
That my revengeful Services may prove
As Benefits to thee. For I will fight
Against my Cankred Country, with the Spleen
Of all the under Fiends. But if so be,
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more Fortunes
Th'art tir'd, then in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary: and present
My throat to thee, and to thy Ancient Malice:
Which not to cut, would shew thee but a Fool,
Since I have ever followed thee with hate,
Drawn Tuns of Blood out of thy Country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf. Oh *Martius, Martius;*
Each word thou hast spoke, hath weeded from my heart
A root of Ancient Envy. If Jupiter,
Should from yond cloud speak divine things,
And say 'tis true; I'd not believe them more
Than thee all-Noble *Martius*. Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained Ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scarr'd the Moon with splinters: here I clip
The Anvil of my Sword, and do contest
As hotly, and as Nobly with thy Love,
As ever in Ambitious strength, I did
Contend against thy Valour. Know thou first,
I lov'd the Maid I married: never man
Sigh'd truer breath. But that I see thee here
Thou Noble thing, more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I first my wedded Mistress saw
Bestride my Threshold. Why, thou Mars I tell thee,
We have a Power on foot: and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy Target from thy Brawn,
Or lose mine Arm for't: Thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thy self and me:
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling Helms, fisting each others Throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy *Martius*,
Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence Banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve, to seventy: and pouring War
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold Flood o're-beat. O come, go in,
And take our Friendly Senators by'th'hands
Who now are here, taking their leaues of me,
Who am prepar'd against your Territories,
Though not for Rome it self.

Corio. You bless me Gods.

Auf. Therefore most absolute Sir, if thou wilt have

The leading of thine own Revenges, take
 Th'one half of my Commission, and set down
 As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
 Thy Country's strength and weakness, thine own ways
 Whether to knock against the Gates of Rome,
 Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
 To fright them, ere destroy. But come in,
 Let me commend thee first, to those that shall
 Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes,
 And more a Friend, than ere an Enemy,
 Yet *Martius* that was much. Your hand: most welcome.

Exeunt

Enter two of the Servingmen.

1 Here's a strange alteration?

2 By my hand, I had thought to have stroken him with a Cudgel, and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made a false report of him.

1 What an Arm he has, he turn'd me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a Top.

2 Nay, I knew by his face that there was some-thing in him. He had sir, a kind of face me thought, I cannot tell how to term it.

1 He had so, looking as it were, would I were hang'd but I thought there was more in him, than I could think.

2 So did I, I'll be sworn: He is simply the rarest man i'th' world.

1 I think he is: but a greater soldier than he, You wot one.

2 Who my Master?

1 Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 Worth six on him.

1 Nay not so neither: but I take him to be the greater Soldier.

2 Faith look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the Defence of a Town, our General is excellent.

1 Ay, and for an assault too,

Enter the third Servingman.

3 Oh Slaves, I can tell you News, News you Rascals
Both. What, what, what? Let's partake.

3 I would not be a Roman of all Nations; I had as live be
a condemn'd man.

Both. Wherefore? wherefore?

3 Why here's he that was wont to thwack our General, *Caius Martius.*

1 Why do you say, thwack our General?

3 I do not say thwack our General, but he was always good
enough for him

2 Come we are fellows and friends: he was ever too hard
for him, I have heard him say so himself.

1 He was too hard for him directly, to say the Troth on't
before *Corioles*, he scotcht him, and notcht him like a Carbinado.

2 And he had been Cannibally given, he might have boiled
and eaten him too.

1 But more of thy News.

3 Why he is so made on here within, as if he were Son and
Heir to Mars, set at upper end o'th'Table: No question askt
him by any of the Senators, but they stand bald before him.
Our General himself makes a Mistress of him, Sanctifies him-
self with's hand, and turns up the white o'th'eye to his Dis-
course. But the bottom of the News is, our General is cut i'th'
middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday. For the
other ha's half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole Table.
He'll go he says, and sole the Porter of Rome Gates by th'ears.
He will mow all down before him, and leave his passage
poll'd.

2 And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3 Do't? he will do't: for look you sir, he has as many
Friends as Enemies: which Friends sir as it were, durst not
(look you sir) shew themselves (as we term it) his Friends,
whilst he's in Directitude.

1 Directitude? What's that?

3 But when they shall see sir, his Crest up again, and the

man in blood, they will out of their Burrows (like Conies after Rain) and revel all with him.

1 But when goes this forward:

3 To morrow, to day, presently, you shall have the Drum strook up this afternoon: 'Tis as it were a parcel of their Feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 Why then we shall have a stirring World again: This peace is nothing, but to rust Iron, encrease Tailors, and breed Ballad-makers.

1 Let me have War say I, it exceeds peace as far as day do's night: Its sprightly walking, audible, and full of Vent. Peace, is a very Apoplexy, Lethargy, mull'd, deaf, sleepe, insensible, a getter of more bastard Children, than wars a destroyer of men.

2 'Tis so, and as wars in some sort may be said to be a Ravisher, so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of Cuckolds.

1 Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 Reason, because they then less need one another: The Wars for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volcians. They are rising, they are rising.

Both. In, in, in, in.

Exeunt

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus.

Sicin. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him, His remedies are tame, the present peace, And quietness of the people, which before Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his Friends Blush, that the world goes well: who rather had, Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold Dissentious numbers pestring streets, than see Our Tradesmen singing in their shops, and going About their Functions friendly.

Enter Menenius.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this *Menenius*?

Sicin. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O he is grown most kind of late: Hail Sir.

Mene. Hail to you both.

Sicin. Your *Coriolanus* is not much mist, but with his Friends: the Commonwealth doth stand, and so would do, were he more angry at it.

Mene. All's well, and might have been much better, if he could have temporiz'd.

Sicin. Where is he, hear you?

Mene. Nay I hear nothing:
His Mother and his wife, hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

All. The Gods preserve you both.

Sicin. Gooden our Neighbours.

Bru. Gooden to you all, gooden to you all.

1 Our selves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.

Sicin. Live, and thrive.

Bru. Farewell kind Neighhours:
We wisht *Coriolanus* had lov'd you as we did.

All. Now the Gods keep you.

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. *Exeunt Citizens*

Sicin. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these Fellows ran about the streets,
Crying Confusion.

Bru. *Caius Martius* was
A worthy Officer i'th'War, but Insolent,
O'ercome with Pride, Ambitious, past all thinking
Self-loving.

Sicin. And affecting one sole Throne, without assistance

Mene. I think not so.

Sicin. We should by this, to all our Lamention,
If he had gone forth Consul, found it so.

Bru. The Gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still, without him.

Enter an Aedile.

Aedile. Worthy Tribunes,

There is a Slave whom we have put in prison,
Reports the Volces with two several Powers
Are enter'd in the Roman Territories,
And with the deepest malice of the War,
Destroy, what lies before 'em.

Mene. 'Tis *Auffidius*,
Who hearing of our *Martius* Banishment,
Thrusters forth his horns again into the world
Which were In-shell'd, when *Martius* stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.

Sicin. Come, what talk you of *Martius*.

Bru. Go see this Rumorer whipt, it cannot be,
The Volces dare break with us.

Mene. Cannot be?
We have Record, that very well it can,
And three examples of the like, hath been
Within my Age. But reason with the fellow
Before you punish him, where he heard this,
Lest you shall chance to whip your Information,
And beat the Messenger, who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sicin. Tell not me: I know this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Nobles in great earnestness are going
All to the Senate-house: some news is comming
That turns their Countenances.

Sicin. 'Tis this Slave:
Go whip him fore the peoples eyes: His raising,
Nothing but his report.

Mes. Yes worthy Sir,
The Slaves report is seconded, and more
More fearful is deliver'd.

Sicin. What more fearful?
Mes. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that *Martius*

Join'd with *Auffidius*, leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vows Revenge as spacious, as between
The yong'st and oldest thing.

Sicin. This is most likely.

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good *Martius* home again.

Sicin. The very trick on't.

Mene. This is unlikely,
He, and *Auffidius* can no more atone
Than violent'st Contrariety.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. You are sent for to the Senate:
A fearful Army, led by *Caius Martius*,
Associated with *Auffidius*, Rages
Upon our Territories, and have already
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. Oh you have made good work.

Mene. What news? What news?

Com. You have holp to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the City Leads upon your pates,
To see your Wives dishonour'd to your Noses.

Mene. What's the news? What's the news?

Com. Your Temples burned in their Ciment, and
Your Franchises, whereon you stood, confined
Into an Augors bore.

Mene. Pray now, your News:
You have made fair work I fear me: pray your news,
If *Martius* should be join'd with Volceans.

Com. If? He is their God, he leads them like a thing
Made by some other Deity than Nature,
That shapes man Better: and they follow him
Against us Brats, with no less Confidence,
Than Boys pursuing Summer Butter-flies,

Or Butchers killing Flies.

Mene. You have made good work,
You and your Apron men: you, that stood so much,
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of Garlic-eaters.

Com. He'll shake your Rome about your ears.

Mene. As *Hercules* did shake down Mellow Fruit:
You have made fair work.

Brut. But is this true sir?

Com. Ay, and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the Regions
Do smilingly Revolt, and who resists
Are mock'd for valiant Ignorance,
And perish constant Fools: who is't can blame him?
Your Enemies and his, find something in him.

Mene. We are all undone, unless
The Noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?
The Tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pitty of him, as the Wolf
Doe's of the Shepherds: For his best Friends, if they
Should say be good to Rome, they charg'd him, even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein shew'd like Enemies.

Me. 'Tis true, if he were putting to my house, the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, beseech you cease. You have made fair hands,
You and your Crafts, you have crafted fair.

Com. You have brought
A Trembling upon Rome, such as was never
S'incapable of help.

Tri. Say not, we brought it.

Mene. How? Was't we? We lov'd him,
But like Beasts, and Cowardly Nobles,
Gave way unto your Clusters, who did hoot
Him out o'th'City.

Com. But I fear

They'll roar him in again. *Tullus Aufidius,*
 The second name of men, obeys his points
 As if he were his Officer: Desperation,
 Is all the Policy, Strength, and Defence
 That Rome can make against them.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Mene. Here comes the Clusters.
 And is *Auffidius* with him? You are they
 That made the Air unwholesome, when you cast
 Your stinking, greasy Caps, in hooting
 At *Coriolanus* Exile. Now he's comming,
 And not a hair upon a Soldier's head
 Which will not prove a whip: As many Coxcombs
 As you threw Caps up, will he tumble down,
 And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter,
 If he could burn us all into oue coal,
 We have deserv'd it.

Omnes. Faith, we hear fearful News.
 1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
 When I said banish him, I said 'twas pitty.

2 And so did I.
 3 And so did I: and to say the truth, so did very many of us, that we did we did for the best, and though we willingly consented to his Banishment, yet it was against our will.

Com. Y'are goodly things, you Voices.
Mene. You have made good work
 You and your cry. Shall's to the Capitol.

Com. Oh ay, what else? *Exeunt both.*
Sicin. Go Masters get you home, be not dismayed,
 These are a Side, that would be glad to have
 This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
 And shew no sign of Fear.

1 *Cit.* The Gods be good to us: Come Masters let's home, I ever said we were i'th wrong, when we banish'd him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home. *Exit Cit.*
Bru. I do not like this News.

Sicin. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol: would half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie.

Sicin. Pray let's go.

Exeunt Tribunes.

Enter Auffidius with his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to'th'Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what Witchcraft's in him: but
Your Soldiers use him as the Grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at Table, and their Thanks at end,
And you are dark'ned in this action Sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now,
Unless by using means I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier,
Even to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him. Yet his Nature
In that's no Changeling, and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish Sir,
(I mean for your particular) you had not
Join'd in Commission with him: but either have borne
The action of your self, or else to him, had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well, and be thou sure
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him, although it seems
And so he thinks, and is no less apparant
To th'vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly:
And shews good Husbandry for the Volcian State,
Fights Dragon-like, and does atchieve as soon
As draw his Sword: yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
When e'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

Auf. All places yields to him e'er he sits down,
And the Nobility of Rome are his:
The Senators and Patricians love him too:

The Tribunes are no Soldiers: and their people
 Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
 To expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome
 As is the Aspray to the Fish, who takes it
 By Sovereignty of Nature. First, he was
 A Noble servant to them, but he could not
 Carry his Honors even: whether 'twas Pride
 Which out of daily Fortune ever taints
 The happy man; whether detect of judgment,
 To fail in the disposing of those chances
 Which he was Lord of: or whether Nature,
 Not to be other than one thing, not moving
 From th'Cask to the Cushion: but commanding peace
 Even with the same austerity and garb,
 As he controll'd the war. But one of these
 (As he hath splices of them all) not all,
 For I dare so far free him, made him fear'd,
 So hated, and so banish'd: but he ha's a Merit
 To choke it in the ut'rance: So our Virtue,
 Lie in th'interpretation of the time,
 And power unto it self most commendable,
 Hath not a Tomb so evident as a Chair
 Textol what it hath done.
 One fire drives out one fire: one Nail, one Nail;
 Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strengths do fail.
 Come let's away: when *Caius* Rome is thine,
 Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.

exeunt

Actus Quintus.

*Enter Menenius, Cominius, Scicinius, Brutus, the two Tribunes,
 with others.*

Menen. No, I'll not go: you hear what he hath said
 Which was sometime his General: who loved him

In a most dear particular. He call'd me Father:
But what o' that! Go you that banish'd him
A Mile before his Term fall down, and knee
The way into his master's: Nay, if he cry'd
To hear *Coriolanus* speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Menen. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. *Coriolanus*
He would not answer to: Forbad all Names,
He was a kind of Nothing, Titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name a'th'fire
Of burning Rome.

Menen. Why so: you have made good work:
A pair of Tribunes, that have wrack'd for Rome,
To make Coals cheap: A Noble memory.

Com. I minded him, how Royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected. He replied
It was a bare petition of a State
To one whom they had punish'd.

Menen. Very well, could he say less.

Com. I offered to awaken his regard
For's private Friends. His answer to me was
He could not stay to pick them, in a pile
Of noisome musty Chaff. He said, 'twas folly
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt
And still to nose th'offence.

Menen. For one poor grain or two?
I am one of those: his Mother, Wife, his Child,
And this brave Fellow too: we are the Grains,
You are the musty Chaff, and you are smelt
Above the Moon. We must be burnt for you.

Sicin. Nay, pray be patient: If you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid's with our distress. But sure if you
Would be your Country's Pleader, your good tongue

More than the instant Army we can make
Might stop our Countryman.

Mene. No: I'll not meddle.

Sicin. Pray you go to him.

Mene. What should I do?

Bru. Only make trial what your Love can do,
For Rome, towards *Martius*.

Mene. Well, and say that *Martius* return me,
As *Cominius* is return'd, unheard: what then?
But as a discontented Friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness. Say't be so?

Sicin. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

Mene. I'll undertak't:
I think he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good *Cominius*, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well, he had not din'd,
The Veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the Morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stufft
These Pipes, and these Conveyances of our blood
With Wine and Feeding, we have suppler Souls
Than in our Priest-like Fasts: therefore I'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very rode into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Mene. Good faith I'll prove him.
Speed how it will. I shall e'er long, have knowledge
Of my success.

Exit.

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sicin. Not.

Com. I tell you, he doe's sit in Gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome: and his Injury
The Gaoler to his pitty. I kneel'd before him,
Twas very faintly he said Rise: dismiss me

Thus with his speechless hand. What he would do
 He sent in writing after me: what he would not,
 Bound with an Oath to yield to his conditions:
 So that all hope is vain, unless his Noble Mother,
 And his Wife, who (as I hear) mean to solicit him
 For mercy to his Country: therefore let's hence,
 And with our fair entreaties haste them on.

Exeunt

Enter Menenius to the Watch or Guard.

1. *Wat.* Stay: whence are you.
2. *Wat.* Stand, and go back.

Me. You guard like men, 'tis well. But by your leave,
 I am an Officer of State, and come to speak with *Coriolanus*

1 From whence? *Mene.* From Rome.

1 You may not pass, you must return: our General will no
 more hear from thence.

2 You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
 You'll speak with *Coriolanus*.

Mene. Good my friends,
 If you have heard your General talk of Rome,
 And of his Friends there, it is Lots to Blanks,
 My name hath touch't your ears: it is *Menenius*.

1 Be it so, go back: the virtue of your name,
 Is not here passable.

Mene. I tell thee Fellow,
 Thy General is my Lover: I have been
 The book of his good Acts, whence men have read
 His Fame unparallel'd, happily amplified:
 For I have ever verified my Friends,
 (Of whom he's chief) with all the size that verity
 Would without lapsing suffer: Nay, sometimes,
 Like to a Bowl upon a subtle ground
 I have tumbled past the throw: and in his praise
 Have (almost) stamp'd the Leasing. Therefore Fellow,
 I must have leave to pass.

1 Faith Sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, as
 you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here:

no, though it were as virtuous to lie, as to live chastely. Therefore go back.

Men. Prythee fellow, remember my name is *Menenius*, always factionary on the party of your General.

2 Howsoever you have been his Liar, as you say you have, I am one that telling true under him, must say you cannot pass. Therefore go back.

Mene. Ha's he din'd canst thou tell? For I would not speak with him, till after dinner.

1 You are a Roman, are you?

Mene. I am as thy General is.

1. Then you should hate Rome, as he do's. Can you, when you have pusht out your gates, the very Defender of them, and in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the Virginal Palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decay'd Dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire, your City is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceiv'd, therefore back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemn'd, our General has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

2 *Mene.* Sirra, if thy Captain knew I were here, He would use me with estimation.

1 Come, my Captain knows you not.

Mene. I mean thy General.

1 My General cares not for you. Back I say, go: lest I let forth your half pint of blood. Back, that's the utmost of your having, back.

Mene. Nay but Fellow, Fellow.

Enter Coriolanus with Aufidius.

Corio. What's the matter?

Mene. Now you Companion: I'll say an arrant for you: you shall know now that I am in estimation: you shall perceive, that a Jack gardant cannot office me from my Son *Coriolanus*, guess but my entertainment with him: if thou stand'st not i'th

state of hanging, or of some death more long in Spectatorship, and crueller in suffering, behold now presently, and swoond for what's to come upon thee. The glorious Gods sit in hourly Synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old Father *Menenius* do's. O my Son, my Son! thou art preparing fire for us: look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee: but being assured none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your Gates with sighs: and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary Countrymen. The good Gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it, upon this Varlet here: This, who like a block hath denied my access to thee.

Corio. Away.

Mene. How? Away?

Corio. Wife, Mother, Child, I know not, My affairs
Are Servanted to others: Though I owe
My Revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volcean breasts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison rather
Than pitty: Note how much, therefore be gone.
Mine ears against your suits, are stronger than
Your gates against my force. Yet for I loved thee,
Take this along, I writ it for thy sake,
And would have sent it. Another word *Menenius*,
I will not hear thee speak. This man *Auffidius*
Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st.

Auffid. You keep a constant temper.

Exeunt

Manet the Guard and Menenius.

1 Now sir, is your name *Menenius*?

2 'Tis a spell you see of much power:
You know the way home again.

1 Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your greatness
back?

2 What cause do you think I have to swoond?

Menen. I neither care for th'world, nor your General: for
such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, y're so

slight. He that hath a will to die by himself, fears it not from another: Let your General do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age. I say to you, as I was said to, Away.

Exit

1 A Noble Fellow I warrant him.

2 The worthy Fellow is our General. He's the Rock,
The Oak not to be wind-shaken.

Exit Watch.

Enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.

Corio. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our Host. My partner in this Action,
You must report to th' Volcian Lords, how plainly
I have borne this Business.

Auf. Only their ends you have respected,
Stopt your ears against the general suit of Rome:
Never admitted a private whisper, no not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Corio. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Lov'd me, above the measure of a Father,
Nay godded me indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him: for whose old Love I have
(Though I shew'd sourly to him) once more offer'd
The first Conditions which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more: A very little
I have yielded too. Fresh Embassies, and Suits,
Nor from the State, nor private friends hereafter
Will I lend ear to. Ha? what shout is this? *Shout within*
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.

*Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, young Martius
with Attendants.*

My wife comes foremost, then the honour'd mould
Wherein this Trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The Grandchild to her blood. But out affection,

All bond and privilege of Nature break;
Let it be Virtuous to be Obstinate.
What is that Court'sy worth? Or those Doves eyes,
Which can make Gods forsborn? I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others: my Mother bows,
As if Olympus to a Mole-hill should
In supplication Nod: and my young Boy
Hath an Aspect of intercession, which
Great Nature cries, Deny not. Let the Volces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy, I'll never
Be such a Gosling to obey instinct; but stand
As if a man were Author of himself, and knew no other kin

Virgil. My Lord and Husband.

Corio. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Virg. The sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think so.

Corio. Like a dull Actor now, I have forgot my part,
And I am out, even to a full Disgrace. Best of my Flesh,
Forgive my Tyranny: but do not say,
For that forgive our Romans. O a kiss
Long as my Exile, sweet as my Revenge!
Now by the jealous Queen of Heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee dear; and my true Lip
Hath Virgin'd it ere since. You Gods, I pray,
And the most noble Mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: Sink my knee i'th'earth,

Kneels

Of thy deep duty, more impression shew
Than that of common Sons.

Volum. Oh stand up blest!
Whil'st with no softer Cushion than the Flint
I kneel before thee, and unproperly
Shew duty as mistaken, all this while,
Between the Child, and Parent.

Corio. What's this? your knees to me?
To your Corrected Son?
Then let the Pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillop the stars: Then, let the mutinous winds

Strike the proud Cedars 'gainst the fiery Sun:
Murd'ring Impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

Volumn. Thou art my Warrior, I hope to frame thee
Do you know this Lady?

Corio. The Noble Sister of *Publicola*;
The Moon of Rome: Chaste as the Icicle
That's curdied by the Frost, from purest Snow,
And hangs on *Dians* Temple: Dear *Valeria*.

Volumn. This is a poor Epitome of yours,
Which by th'interpretation of full time,
May shew like all your self.

Corio. The God of Soldiers:
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with Nobleness, that thou mayst prove
To shame unvulnerable, and stick i'th Wars
Like a great Sea-mark standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee.

Volumn. Your knee, Sirrah.

Corio. That's my brave Boy.

Volumn. Even he, your wife, this Lady, and my self,
Are Suitors to you.

Corio. I beseech you peace:
Or if you'd ask, remember this before;
The thing I have forsworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my Soldiers, or capitulate
Again, with Romes Mechanics. Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: Desire not t'allay
My Rages and Revenges, with your colder reasons.

Volumn. Oh no more, no more:
You have said you will not grant us any thing:
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: yet we will ask,
That if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness, therefore hear us.

Corio. *Auffidius*, and you Volces mark, for we'll

Hear nought from Rome in private. Your request?

Volum. Should we be silent and not speak, our Raiment
And state of Bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy Exile. Think with thy self,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither; since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, harts dance with comforts,
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow,
Making the Mother, wife, and Child to see,
The Son, the Husband, and the Father tearing
His Country's Bowels out; and to poor we
Thine enmity's most capital: Thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the Gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy. For how can we?
Alas! how can we, for our Country pray?
Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory:
Whereto we are bound: Alack, or we must lose.
The Country our dear Nurse, or else thy person
Our comfort in the Country. We must find
An evident Calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win. For either thou
Must as a Foreign Recreant be led
With Manacles through our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy Country's ruin,
And bear the Palm, for having bravely shed
Thy Wife and Childrens blood: For my self, Son,
I purpose not to wait on Fortune, till
These wars determine: If I cannot persuade thee,
Rather to shew a Noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one; thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy Country, than to tread
(Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy Mothers womb
That brought thee to this world.

Virg. Ay, and mine, that brought you forth this boy,
To keep your name living to time.

Boy. A shall not tread on me: I'll run away
Till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Corio. Not of a womans tenderness to be,
Requires nor Child, nor womans face to see:
I have sat too long.

Volum. Nay, go not from us thus:
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volces whom you serve, you might condemn us
As poisonous of your Honour. No, our suit
Is that you reconcile them: While the Volces
May say, this mercy we have shew'd: the Romans,
This we receiv'd, and each in either side
Give the All-hail to thee, and cry be Blest
For making up this peace. Thou know'st (great Son)
The end of War's uncertain: but this certain,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with Curses:
Whose Chronicle thus writ, The man was Noble,
But with his last Attempt, he wip'd it out:
Destroy'd his Country, and his name remains
To th'ensuing Age, abhor'r'd. Speak to me Son:
Thou hast affected the fwe strains of Honor,
To imitate the graces of the Gods.
To tear with Thunder the wide Cheeks a'th'Air,
And yet to change thy Sulphur with a Bolt
That should but rive an Oak. Why do'st not speak?
Think'st thou it Honourable for a Nobleman
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speak you:
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou Boy,
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our Reasons. There's no man in the world
More bound to's Mother, yet here he let's me prate
Like one i'th'Stocks. Thou hast never in thy life,
Shew'd thy dear Mother any courtesy,
When she (poor Hen) fond of no second brood,
Ha's cluck'd thee to the Wars: and safely home
Loden with Honor. Say my Request's unjust,

And spurn me back: But, if it be not so
 Thòu art not honest, and the Gods will plague thee
 That thou restrain'st from me the Duty, which
 To a Mothers part belongs. He turns away:
 Down Ladies: let us shame him with him with our knees
 To his sur-name *Coriolanus* longs more pride
 Than pitty to our Prayers. Down: an end,
 This is the last. So, we will home to Rome,
 And die among our Neighbours: Nay, behold's,
 This Boy that cannot tell what he would have,
 But kneels, and holds up hands for fellowship,
 Doe's reason our Petition with more strength
 Than thou hast to deny't. Come, let us go:
 This Fellow had a Volcean to his Mother:
 His Wife is in *Corioles*, and his Child
 Like him by chance: yet give us our dispatch:
 I am husht until our City be afire, and then I'll speak a little
Holds her by the hand silent.

Corio. O Mother, Mother!
 What have you done? Behold, the Heavens do ope,
 The Gods look down, and this unnatural Scene
 They laugh at. Oh my Mother, Mother: Oh!
 You have won a happy Victory to Rome.
 But for your Son, believe it: Oh believe it,
 Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd.
 If not most mortal to him. But let it come:
Auffidius, though I cannot make true Wars,
 I'll frame convenient peace. Now good *Auffidius*,
 Were you in my stead, would you have heard
 A Mother less? or granted less *Auffidius*?

Auf. I was mov'd withall.

Corio. I dare be sworn you were:
 And sir, it is no little thing to make
 Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But (good sir)
 What peace you'll make, advise me: For my part,
 I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you, and pray you
 Stand to me in this cause. Oh Mother! Wife!

Auf. I am glad thou hast set thy mercy, and thy Honor
At difference in thee: Out of that I'll work
My self a former Fortune.

Corio. Ay by and by; But we will drink together:
And you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we
On like conditions, will have Counter-seal'd.
Come enter with us: Ladies you deserve
To have a Temple built you: All the Swords
In Italy, and her Confederate Arms
Could not have made this peace.

Exeunt.

Enter Menenius and Sicinius.

Mene. See you yon'd Coin a'thCapitol, yon'd corner stone?

Sicin. Why what of that?

Mene. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the Ladies of Rome, especially his Mother, may prevail with him. But I say, there is no hope in't, our throats are sentenc'd, and stay upon execution.

Sicin. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man.

Mene. There is differency between a Grub and a Butterfly, yet your Butterfly was a Grub: this *Martius*, is grown from Man to Dragon: He has wings, he's more than a creeping thing.

Sicin. He lov'd his Mother dearly.

Mene. So did he me: and he no more remembers his Mother now, than an eight year old horse. The tartness of his face, sours ripe Grapes. When he walks, he moves like an Engine, and the ground shrinks before his Treading. He is able to pierce a Corslet with his eye: Talks like a knell, and his hum is a Battery. He sits in his State, as a thing made for *Alexander*. What he bids be done, is finisht with his bidding. He wants nothing of a God but Eternity, and a Heaven to Throne in.

Sicin. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Mene. I paint him in the Character. Mark what mercy his Mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him,

than there is milk in a male-Tiger, that shall our poor City
find: and all this is long of you.

Sicin. The Gods be good unto us.

Mene. No, in such a case the Gods will not be good unto us.
When we banish'd him, we respected not them: and he returning
to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your House,
The Plebeians have got your Fellow Tribune,
And hale him up and down; all swearing, if
The Roman Ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by Inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sicin. What's the News?

Mess. Good News, good news, the Ladies have prevail'd,
The Volcians are dislodg'd, and *Martius* gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not th' expulsion of th' *Tarquins*.

Sicin. Friend, art thou certain this is true?
Is't most certain.

Mes. As certain as I know the Sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd that you make doubt of it:
Ne'er through an Arch so hurried the blown Tide,
As the recomforted through th'gates. Why hark you:

Trumpets, Hoboys, Drums beat, altogether.

The Trumpets, Sack-butts, Psalteries, and Fifes,
Tabors, and Symboles, and the shouting Romans
Make the Sun dance. Hark you.

A shout within

Mene. This is good News:
I will go meet the Ladies. This *Volumnia*,
Is worth of Consuls, Senators, Patricians,
A City full: Of Tribunes such as you,
A Sea and Land full: you have pray'd well to day:
This Morning, for ten thousand of your throats,
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy.

Sound still with the Shouts.

Sicin. First, the Gods bless you for your tidings:
Next, accept my thankfulness.

Mess. Sir, we have all great cause to give great thanks.

Sicin. They are near the City.

Mes. Almost at point to enter.

Sicin. We'll meet them, and help the joy. *Exeunt.*

*Enter two Senators, with Ladies, passing over the Stage,
with other Lords.*

Sena. Behold our Patroness, the life of Rome:
Call all your Tribes together, praise the Gods,
And make triumphant fires, strew Flowers before them:
Unshoot the noise that Banish'd *Martius*;
Repeal him, with the welcome of his Mother:
Cry welcome Ladies, welcome.

All. Welcome Ladies, welcome.

A Flourish with Drums and Trumpets.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the Lords a'th'City, I am here:
Deliver them this Paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to th'Market place, where I
Even in theirs, and in the Commons ears
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse:
The City Ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends t'appear before the People, hoping
To purge himself with words. Dispatch.

Enter 3 or 4 Conspirators of Aufidius Faction.

Most Welcome.

1. *Con.* How is it with our General?

Auf. Even so, as with a man by his own Alms imposion'd,
and with his Charity slain.

2. *Con.* Most Noble Sir, If you do hold the same intent
Wherein you wisht us parties: We'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell,

We must proceed as we do find the People.

3. *Con.* The People will remain uncertain, whil'st
'Twixt you there's difference: but the fall of either
Makes the Survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it:

And my pretext to strike at him, admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine Honor for his truth: who being so heighten'd,
He watered his new Plants with dews of Flattery,
Seducing so my Friends: and to this end,
He bow'd his Nature, never known before,
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3. *Consp.* Sir, his stoutness
When he did stand for Consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping.

Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my Harth,
Presented to my knife his Throat: I took him,
Made him joint-servant with me: Gave him way
In all his own desires: Nay, let him choose
Out of my Files, his projects, to accomplish
My best and freshest men, serv'd his designments
In mine own person: holp to reap the Fame
Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do my self this wrong: Till at the last
I seem'd his Follower, not Partner; and
He wadg'd me with his Countenance, as if
I had been Mercenary.

1. *Con.* So he did my Lord:
The Army marvell'd at it, and in the last,
When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd
For no less Spoil, than Glory.

Auf. There was it:
For which my sinews shall be stretcht upon him,
At a few drops of Womens rheum, which are
As cheap as Lies; he sold the Blood and Labour
Of our great Action; therefore shall he die,

And I'll renew me in his fall But heark.

*Drums and Trumpets sounds, with great
shouts of the people.*

1. *Con.* Your Native Town you enter'd like a Post,
And had no welcomes home, but he returns
Splitting the Air with noise.

2. *Con.* And patient Fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear
With giving him glory.

3. *Con.* Therefore at your vantage,
E'er he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your Sword:
Which we will second, when he lies along
After your way. His Tale pronounc'd, shall bury
His Reasons, with his Body.

Auf. Say no more. Here come the Lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

All Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auff. I have not deserved it.
But worthy Lords, have you with heed perused
What I have written to you?

All. We have.

1. *Lord.* And grieve to hear't:
What faults he made before the last, I think
Might have found easy Fines: But there to end
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our Levies, answering us
With our own charge: making a Treaty, where
There was a yielding; this admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches, you shall hear him.

*Enter Coriolanus marching with Drum, and Colours. The
Commoners being with him.*

Corio. Hail Lords, I am return'd your Soldier:
No more infected with my Country's love
Than when I parted hence; but still subsisting

Under your great Command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your Wars, even to
The gates of Rome: Our spoils we have brought home
Doth more than counterpoise a full third part
The charges of the Action. We have made peace
With no less Honour to the *Antiates*
Than shame to th'Romans. And we here deliver
Subscrib'd by'th'Consuls, and Patricians,
Together with the Seal a'th Senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not Noble Lords,
But tell the Traitor in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your Powers.

Corio. Traitor? How now?

Auf. Ay Traitor, *Martius*.

Corio. *Martius*?

Auf. Ay *Martius*, *Caius Martius*: Do'st thou think
I'll grace thee with that Robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in *Corioles*?

You Lords and Heads a'th'State, perfidiously
He ha's betray'd your business, and given up
For certain drops of Salt, your City Rome:
I say your City to his Wife and Mother,
Breaking his Oath and Resolution, like
A twist of rotten Silk, never admitting
Counsel a'th'war: But at his Nurses tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your Victory,
That Pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wond'ring each at others.

Corio. Hear'st thou Mars?

Auf. Name not the God, thou boy of Tears.

Corio. Ha?

Aufid. No more.

Corio. Measureless Liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy? Oh Slave,
Pardon me Lords, 'tis the first time that ever

I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments my grave Lords
Must give this Cur the Lie: and his own Notion,
Who wears my stripes imprest upon him, that
Must bear my beating to his Grave, shall join
To thrust the Lie unto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace both, and hear me speak.

Corio. Cut me to pieces Volces men and Lads,
Stain all your edges on me. Boy, false Hound:
If you have writ your Annals true, 'tis there,
That like an Eagle in a Dove-cot, I
Flatter'd your Volcians in *Corioles*.
Alone I did it, Boy.

Auf. Why Noble Lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind Fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy Braggart?
'Fore your own eyes, and ears?

All Consp. Let him die for't.

All People. Tear him to pieces, do it presently:
He kill'd my Son, my daughter, he kill'd my Cousin
Marcus, he kill'd my Father.

2 *Lord.* Peace ho: no outrage, peace:
The man is Noble, and his Fame folds in
This Orb o'th'earth: His last offences to us
Shall have Judicious hearing. Stand *Auffidius*,
And trouble not the peace.

Corio. O that I had him, with six *Auffidiusses*, or more:
His Tribe, to use my lawful Sword.

Auf. Insolent Villain.

All Consp. Kill, kill, kill, kill him.

Draw both the Conspirators, and kills Martius, who falls,
Auffidius stands on him.

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My Noble Masters, hear me speak.

1. *Lord.* O *Tullus*.

2. *Lord.* Thou hast done a deed, whereat
Valour will weep.

3. *Lord.* Tread not upon him Masters, all be quiet,

Put up your Swords.

Auf. My Lords,
When you shall know (as in this Rage
Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this mans life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your Honours
To call me to your Senate, I'll deliver
My self your loyal Servant, or endure
Your heaviest Censure.

1. *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him. Let him be regarded
As the most Noble Corse, that ever Herald
Did follow to his Urn.

2. *Lord.* His own impatience,
Takes from *Auffidius* a great part of blame:
Let's make the Best of it.

Auf. My Rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow. Take him up:
Help three a'th'chiefest Soldiers, I'll be one.
Beat thou the Drum that it speak mournfully:
Trail your steel Pikes. Though in this City he
Hath widowed and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the Injury,
Yet he shall have a Noble Memory. Assist.

*Exeunt bearing the Body of Martius. A dead
March Sounded.*

FINIS.



